California Politics
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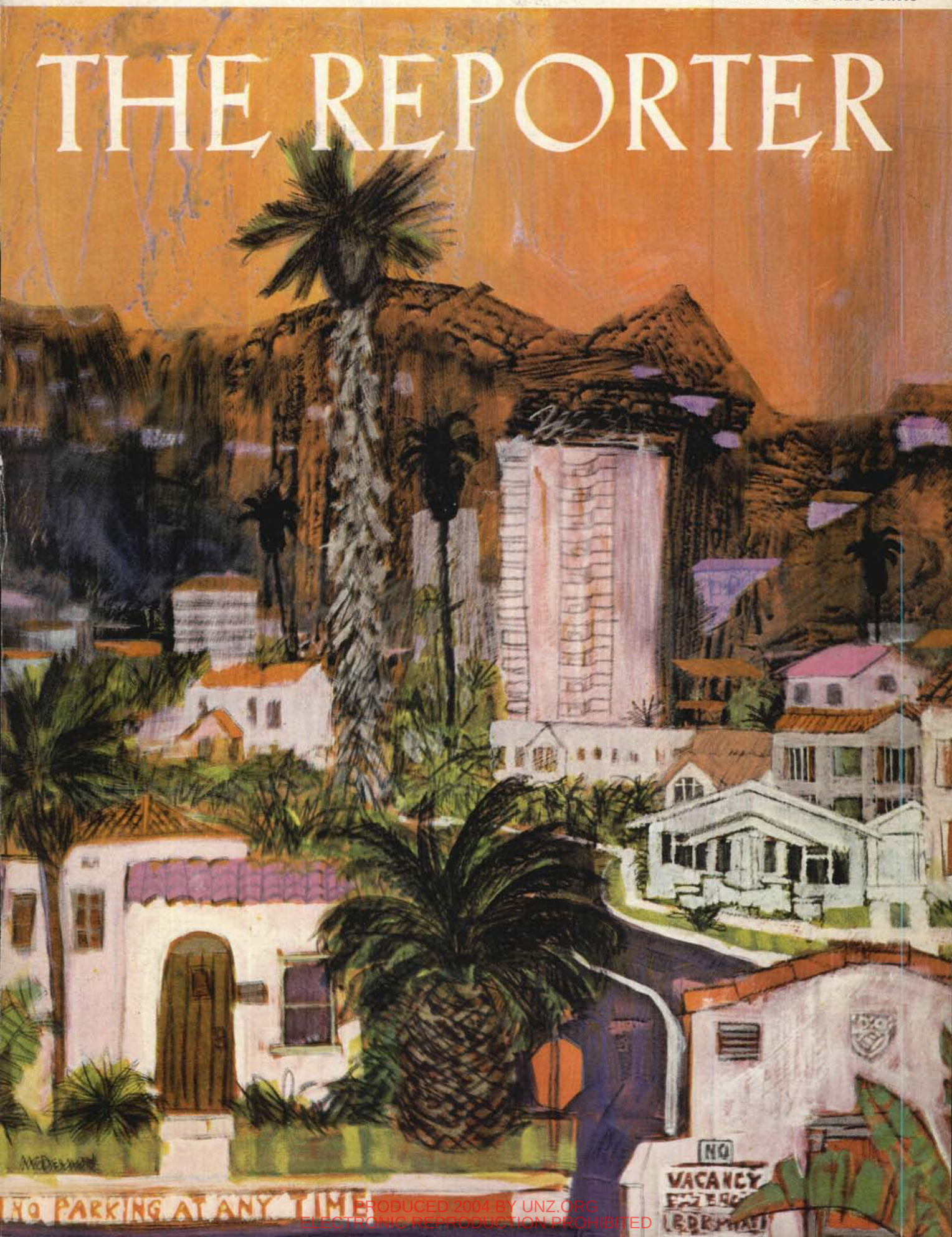
DE GAULLE'S ECONOMIC REFORMS

THE REPORTER



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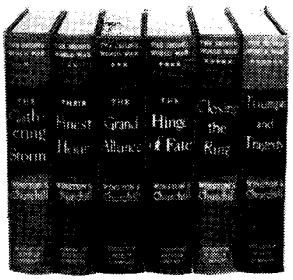

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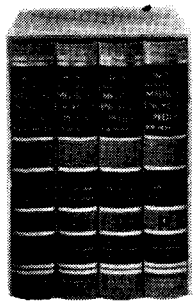

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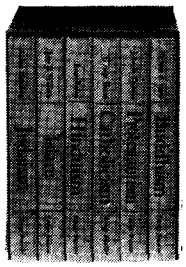

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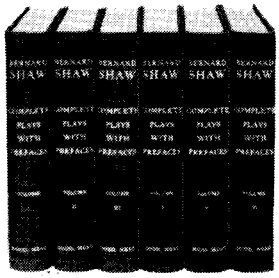

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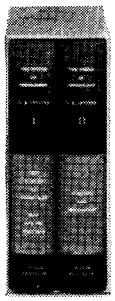

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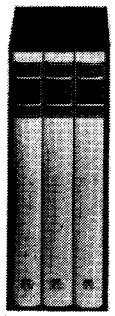

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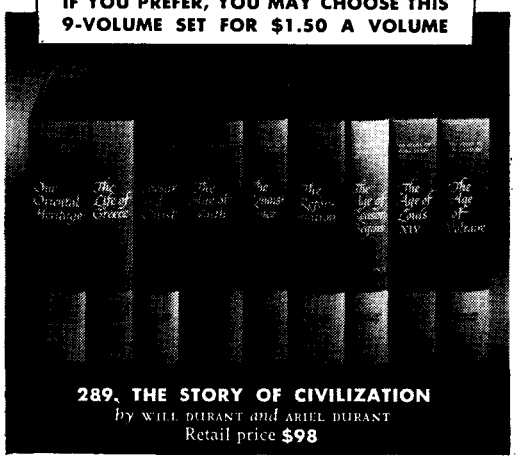

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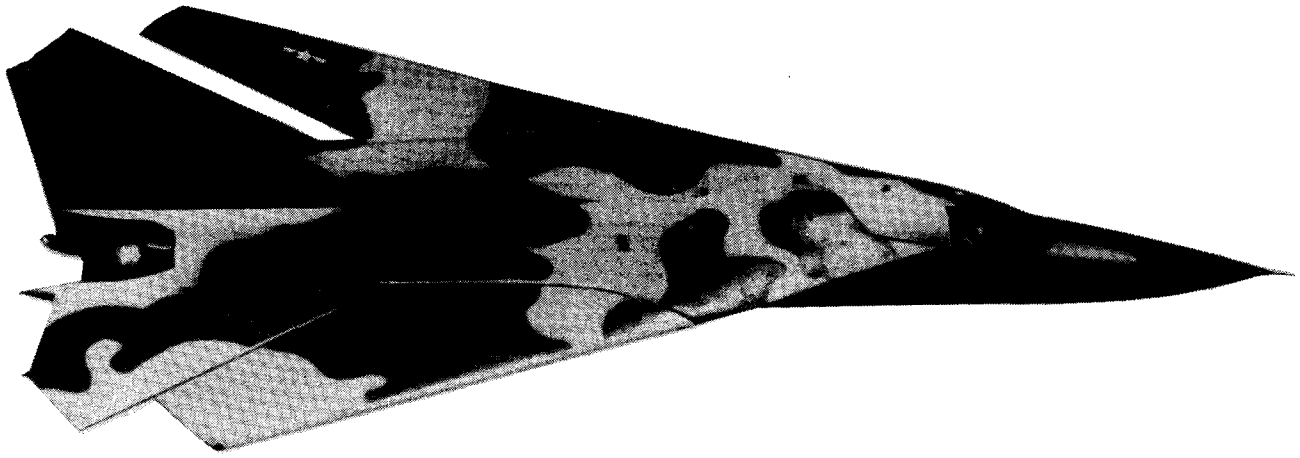
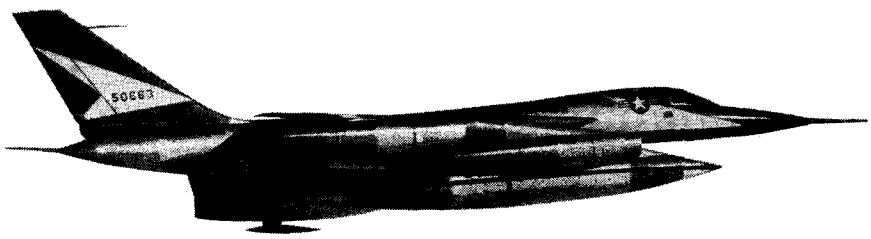
General Dynamics.



F-111A. Now being delivered to the Tactical Air Command of the United States Air Force. World's first operational variable-sweep wing plane. With wings extended straight, it can take off from short fields. With wings swept part-way back, it can cruise under the speed of sound for long distances. With wings swept back, it can fly over two-and-one-half times the speed of sound. It is being built in fighter, bomber and reconnaissance versions.



B-58. Now operational with the Strategic Air Command of the United States Air Force. World's first supersonic bomber can fly better than 1,300 miles per hour at altitudes of 60,000 feet, or more. It is designed to fly intercontinental distances and deliver nuclear weapons. The B-58 has been in operation with the Strategic Air Command of the United States Air Forces since 1959.

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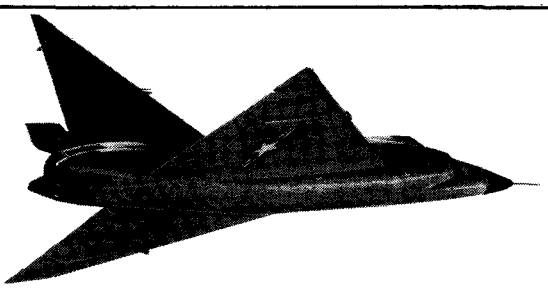
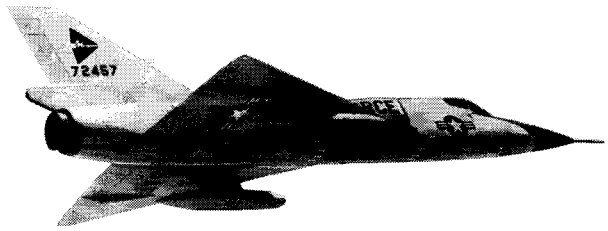
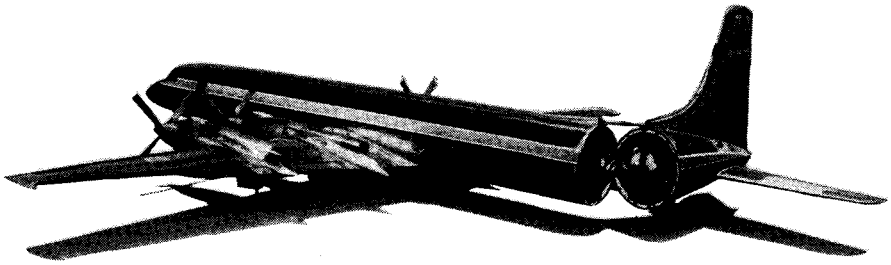


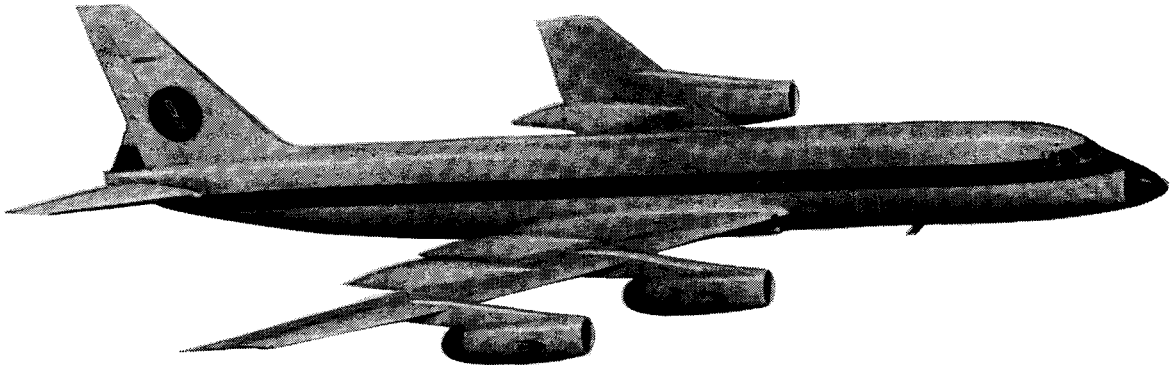
F-102. Now serving overseas. World's first all-weather supersonic interceptor. It was designed for the United States Air Forces to seek and destroy invading high-speed aircraft before they can reach their target.



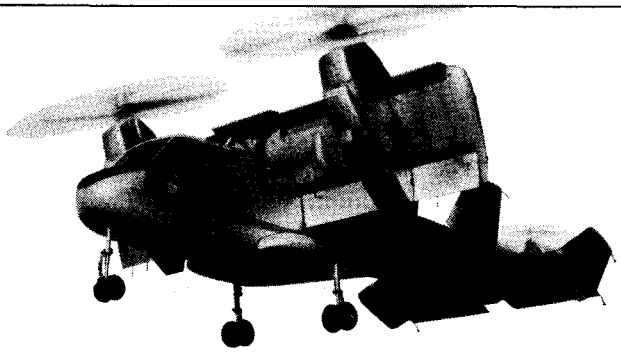
F-106. Now operational with the Air Defense Command of the United States Air Force. A later, faster sister to the F-102. In 1959, it was clocked at 1,525.95 miles per hour—or 2.3 times the speed of sound.

CL-44. Now carrying freight around the world. It is the first aircraft designed specifically for airfreight. The swing tail reduces loading and unloading time because of unobstructed access to the fuselage, and permits carrying longer and larger objects than possible with conventional aircraft.





Convair 990. Now flying throughout the world. It is the world's fastest commercial jet liner. Carries 121, cruises at 640 miles per hour. The 990 can be distinguished from all other jet passenger liners by two "speed capsules" on the trailing edge of each wing. The capsules decrease drag by lessening shock waves.



CL-84. Now in development production. It combines features of the helicopter and fixed-wing plane. With wing, engine and propeller unit tilted straight up, it can take off or land vertically. With partial wing tilt, it can take off from short fields with heavy payload. With wings and engine positioned horizontally, it can fly as fast as 300 miles per hour.

CL-215. Now in production for France and the Province of Quebec. First new amphibian to be built in 30 years. Can be used for water bombing, search and rescue, patrol, cargo, crop dusting or spraying. It can scoop up about 5,500 liters of water as it taxis across a lake, take off, then drop water on fire area in an uninterrupted flight.

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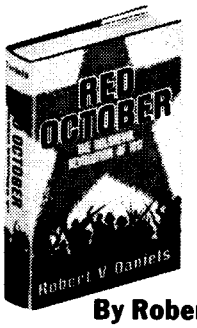

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The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917

By Robert V. Daniels

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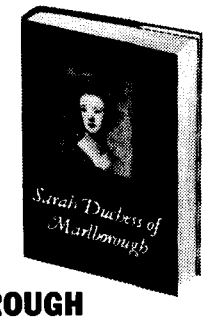

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On Tour.

A trip through time as well as space. This month television takes you to Tahiti, to retrace Gauguin's steps in his search for Paradise. On a National Geographic hunt for the American grizzly bear. Through the treasures of the National Gallery. On a breathtaking journey down the Colorado. To ancient Rome with Bernard Shaw. Thanks to television, the world seems to get smaller every day.

Grizzly!—National Geographic Society: A conservation hunt for the grizzly bear. Wednesday, Nov. 1 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Benjamin Britten and His Aldeburgh Festival—Bell Telephone Hour: A study of the composer and his contributions to the celebrated Festival. Friday, Nov. 3 (10-11 pm)

Look Up and Live—Choice, The Imperative of Tomorrow: A four-part series dealing with man's power to affect the world and the radical choices facing him as a result of modern technology. Sunday, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26 (10:30-11am)

Discovery—State Fair; Monsters of the Ocean Deep; The Island People; The Vanishing Wilderness (conservation trip down the Colorado River with Sen. Robert Kennedy). Sunday, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions—Bells; Two Boxes of Wood (dramas of the impact of war on the individual); The Church in Contemporary Life; Religion and National Affairs. Sunday, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26 (1-1:30 pm)

A Bell for Adano—Hallmark Hall of Fame: John Forsythe and Kathleen Widdoes star in the drama based on John Hersey's novel. Saturday, Nov. 11 (7:30-9 pm)

A Man and His Music + Ella + Jobim—Frank Sinatra special with guests Ella Fitzgerald and Antonio Carlos Jobim. Monday, Nov. 13 (9-10 pm)

What About Ronald Reagan?—Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner: An analysis of the man and his political rise. Tuesday, Nov. 14 (10-11 pm)

Androcles and the Lion—Richard Rodgers' musical version of George Bernard Shaw's comedy starring Noel Coward, Ed Ames, Inga Swenson, Brian Bedford and Norman Wisdom as Androcles. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (7:30-9 pm)

Dial 'M' for Murder—Laurence Harvey, Diane Cilento and Hugh O'Brian star in Frederick Knott's Broadway play. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (9-11 pm)

The National Gallery of Art—American Profile: A revealing look at the art treasures of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., narrated by Robert Culp. Friday, Nov. 17 (10-11 pm)

Gauguin in Tahiti—The Search for Paradise: CBS News focuses on the impressionist painter's years in Tahiti, with Sir Michael Redgrave as the voice of Gauguin. Tuesday, Nov. 21 (10-11 pm)

One Night Stands—A tribute to performers who are keeping alive an almost disappearing form of show business. Tuesday, Nov. 21 (10-11 pm)

Thanksgiving Day Parades—The annual events. Thursday, Nov. 23 (10-12 Noon)

Can You Hear Me?—ABC News focuses on the problems of the deaf. Monday, Nov. 27 (9:30-10 pm)

An Essay on Chairs—Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner: You can tell a man by the chair he sits in. Tuesday, Nov. 28 (10-10:30 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs—Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Thursdays: Good Company

Fridays: NBC News Special/Bell Telephone Hour

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/G-E College Bowl/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE MAN most to blame for the shambles in the California Democratic Party was a Republican, and his intentions were to do good. Hiram Johnson, twice governor and five times a Senator of the state beginning in 1911, was one of the great reform-minded Westerners who founded the Bull Moose Party. In California, Johnson set about, as he thought, to strengthen democracy by instituting cross-filing, eliminating patronage, and introducing the initiative, referendum, and recall. Theoretically this was fine, but its most lasting effect has been to emasculate the party system. Nor has it been possible to build political cohesiveness in an electorate composed of relatively recent immigrants from all over the nation and from widely diverse backgrounds. A popular leader or control of the statehouse can help, but when these are lacking, as **James Phelan** relates, the party out of power can fall apart. Mr. Phelan writes for national magazines from a Long Beach base. . . . California is also Hollywood, the supplier of illusions and creator of personalities better known than even a President. And in Hollywood if something is box office, you keep following the formula. With George Murphy in the Senate and Ronald Reagan in Sacramento, the logical sequel was a scenario that would send Shirley Temple to Congress. **Julius Duscha** is associate director of Stanford University's journalism fellowship program.

THE DROP of five points to a level of fifty-two per cent in President de Gaulle's popularity as measured by the latest French poll may reflect some dismay at his adventures in Quebec and Warsaw but probably owes more to discontent among the peasants hit hardest by his new economic-reform decrees. **Edmond Taylor** reports from Paris, however, that the reforms will strengthen Gaullism in the long run. . . . A root cause of unrest in city slums is the migration of rural Southern Negroes to the urban North. **Paul Clancy,** a political reporter for the Columbia, South Carolina, *State*, shows why Negroes migrate and how some programs are attempting to offer them opportunities at home. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** Atlas gets some atomic spin-off. . . . Before he left for his current U.S. visit, Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister of Singapore, talked to **Denis Warner** about his nation's struggle for survival and the importance to him of our effort in Vietnam. . . . Another visiting statesman, Premier Sato of Japan, will soon discuss the future of Okinawa with President Johnson. **Martin E. Weinstein,** currently in Tokyo on a Ford Foundation grant to do research in international politics, argues for restoring administrative control of the island to Japan. . . . **Hal Higdon,** a free-lance writer in Michigan City, Indiana, has followed the efforts of a Negro to become mayor of nearby Gary.

TO POSSIBLE FEARS there sometimes seems no end. **Anne Tyler,** who has lived in Montreal, is the author of two novels, *If Morning Ever Comes* and *The Tin Can Tree*, both published by Knopf. An excerpt from the latter, "Everything but Roses," appeared in *The Reporter* for September 23, 1965. . . . A collection of **David Galler's** poems, *Leopards in the Temple*, will be published by Macmillan in February. . . . **Ferenc Kormendi** is a Hungarian novelist whose eighteen books have been published in many languages. *Adventure in Budapest* (1939) was a best seller in this country. "The Emperor's War Games," part of a larger work in progress to be entitled *Atlantis Remembered*, appeared in *The Reporter* for November 17, 1966. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is a frequent contributor. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity*. . . . **Norman Jackson,** a Yorkshireman, is poet-in-residence at Keele University in England. . . . **Gordon A. Craig** is professor of history at Stanford University, and author of *War, Politics and Diplomacy: Selected Essays* (Praeger), *Europe Since 1815* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), and *From Bismarck to Adenauer: Aspects of German Statecraft* (Johns Hopkins hardcover, Harper Torchbook paperback). . . . **Kenneth Goodall** is a member of our staff. . . . **Daniel Hoffman,** professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of *Barbarous Knowledge: Myth in the Poetry of Yeats, Graves, and Muir* (Oxford). Two collections of his own poems, also published by Oxford, are *The City of Satisfactions* and *A Little Geste, and Other Poems.*

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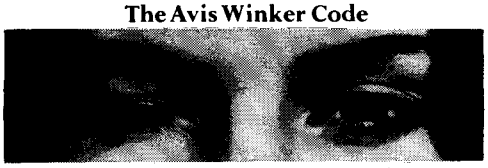

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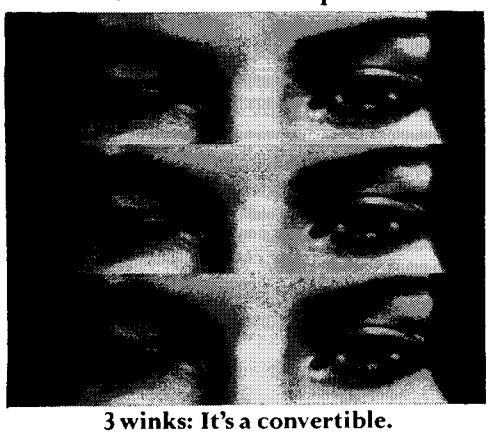

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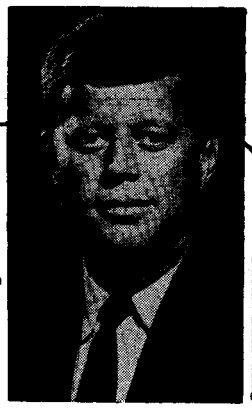

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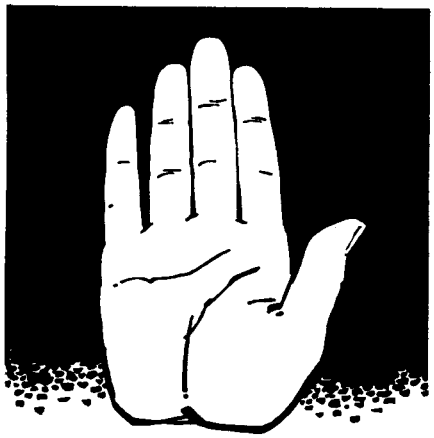

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GREEN BERETS

To the Editor: John F. Mason's "Whom the Gods Love" (*The Reporter*, September 21) is a vivid portrayal of the daily life of the Montagnard people and the American advisers. The recognition given to this one group is proudly shared by all Special Forces groups from the Delta to the DMZ.

W. C. WESTMORELAND
Commanding General,
United States Army
Vietnam

THE OTHER ROCKY

To the Editor: We all respect the talent and perception which Tom Dearmore ("The Rocky of Little Rock," *The Reporter*, October 5) brings to news reporting in Arkansas. Certainly, North Arkansas is fortunate to have a local editor of this caliber.

In my reading of the article, I found it to be a most interesting analysis of the Rockefeller administration and of Governor Rockefeller himself. Mr. Dearmore demonstrates his close observation of the political scene in Arkansas and presents accurately, I feel, the changes occurring in Arkansas politics and state government today.

MAURICE "FOOTSIE" BRITT
Lieutenant Governor
Little Rock, Arkansas

SLUMS OF ACADEME

To the Editor: Anything that Rasa Gustaitis ("Columbia's Neighbors: The Slums of Academe," *The Reporter*, October 5) writes is of great interest to me because she is excellent, but unfortunately, my quote on page 37 was not accurately reported. What I did say was, "I am damned upset. This is the most puzzling use of public land for private interest that I have ever seen."

After stating this, I tried to do everything I could, either to have the project dropped or at least to see that the community got a bigger slice of the pie. In the former I failed miserably. In the latter I believe I helped out.

THOMAS P. F. HOVING, Director
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

To the Editor: Several points in Miss Gustaitis's piece are open to question. In the first place, there are walls and gates around the university, it is true, but these are not recent. Further, at normal hours they are open, with signs indicating that neighbors are welcome to enjoy the grounds. Local people do.

On another score, according to the New York *Times*, the crime rate in the area is higher than ever. I know no one who has not experienced it personally. I would say therefore that the efforts of Morningside Heights, Inc., have been unsuccessful. The private police force of which Miss Gustaitis speaks does not operate in the neighborhood at large, but only in certain spots (institutionally connected property, I assume).

As for one of the major points of the article, the question is raised and not answered: What does a university owe its community? My feeling is that Columbia performs its educational function adequately. There are excellent lectures and there is music, available to all either free or at a token fee. I fail to see where it is the function of an academic institution to overhaul addicts or to rehabilitate a slum.

MARJORIE SMITH
New York

To the Editor: Rasa Gustaitis's article deals with an important aspect of the university's changing role. These large schools are no longer isolated sanctuaries; with often heavy remuneration from government and private foundations, they have gone about solving diverse problems all over the country and the world. Thus is it hypocritical of an administration to pretend that it cannot properly be concerned with the problems of its immediate environs—especially when, as in the case of Columbia, it was seeking to demolish a huge section of one neighborhood, Harlem. Miss Gustaitis suggests that Columbia may now have realized that human beings, not just real estate, are involved in any such plans. I hope she is right.

SAMUEL LEGGE
New York

CON THIEN

To the Editor: In the process of editing, some errors crept into my article "Bearing the Brunt at Con Thien" in *The Reporter* of October 19. First, it appeared that I was saying that the 140-mm. rockets used by regular Communist forces were not effective against the blockhouses manned by the South Vietnamese Popular and Regional forces. This of course is not true. The fact is that the rockets were much too valuable to be squandered on such secondary targets.

Again, according to official Marine reports, the losses in wounded during the July 2 action near Con Thien totaled 645, not 170, the figure given by the Pentagon and subsequently included in my article.

DENIS WARNER
Mornington, Australia

THE GREAT SWAMP

To the Editor: After your reviewer C. W. Griffin, Jr., in *The Reporter* for October 5, had judged my book *Through the Great City* "interesting reading," with sections that "illuminate our un-

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derstanding of the present" and portray "as no professional description could, the nerve-jangling struggle of daily life in the supercity," his nerves apparently began to jangle. He belabors me with failing to grasp basic planning issues, as shown—he says—in my discussion of the Great Swamp, the wildlife preserve the Port of New York Authority wants for a fourth metropolitan-area jetport. Mr. Griffin writes, "Bailey seems to think that there is some vital regional interest in building the jetport," and building it (Mr. Griffin's inference) in the Great Swamp. I wish he would say where in my book he gets this notion. I accept it as a fact of metropolitan life that the skies over New York are dangerously crowded. In other parts of the book I quote an architect and mention a planning firm who are agreed that the Jersey Pine Barrens would be an excellent place for a jetport, though perhaps not for the Port of New York Authority. I couldn't agree more with Mr. Griffin that (in his words) "the Great Swamp jetport controversy pits the convenience of a few thousand air travelers against the interest of millions in the larger community."

As for my "irrelevant digressions" about my daily menus, car problems, and home-town gossip, I'd hoped through them to provide the reader with a human-sized scale, in the way photographers are told to put a person in the foreground when taking a picture of the Grand Canyon.

ANTHONY BAILEY
Stonington, Connecticut

Mr. Griffin replies:

An unfortunate ambiguity in my review created a misunderstanding. Unlike Mr. Bailey, I doubt that the New York region's real interest lies in building a fourth jetport *anywhere*. Behind this jetport controversy lies a basic planning question: Should metropolitan growth be stimulated, accepted, or deterred? Mr. Bailey and most American planners ignore it; European planners don't.

THE VIOLENT APPROACH

To the Editor: In his review of *Bonnie and Clyde* (*The Reporter*, October 5) Jay Jacobs justifies and welcomes the film's violence by pointing to its horrifying reality. Whereas the James Bond-type movies glorify a sort of senseless sadism, the argument runs, *Bonnie and Clyde* depicts violence for what it really is—VIOLENCE. This is an interesting enough point, but your reviewer neglects to mention that the predictable American public, once its appetite for "real" violence is whetted, will probably salivate for more, and more, and more. As the reviewer who is the obvious object of Jacobs' derision might put it: Violence, whether grotesquely real or comically feigned, is at once hideously awful and frighteningly fearsome.

BILL PATRICK
New York

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

That Man in the White House

In this country, where interest in politics is traditionally subnormal, a strange thing has been happening: the frenzy of a Presidential campaign at its peak has been with us for months. Yet the great day will be not next Tuesday but a Tuesday a year from now. As usual, the noisy activism is the hallmark of the professionals or the parasites of politics, while the concern of most people is casual. But this has not deterred the pollsters from scanning the inclinations of the unconcerned.

There is no outstanding Republican candidate on the horizon, and, so we are told, not even one Democrat will seek to wrest the nomination from Lyndon Johnson. Yet this weird, unseasonable electioneering is aimed at defeating Lyndon Johnson, not in the primaries or at the convention, but now. In fact, it is the closest equivalent to an impeachment campaign.

The movement is bipartisan, though the Democrats are by far the more vehement. Those who wish the elimination of Johnson could be instant, if not retroactive, treat him as the evilest man who ever had his residence at the White House. He alone, they say, is responsible for our participation in the Vietnamese War. He alone has lost the war on poverty, failed to bring about the Great Society, and isolated our country from its allies. In vain the poor man and his few remaining friends can try to prove that he is not the President who brought this country into a new Asian war, and that it is he who has suffered the most, at home and abroad, by keeping it limited. The radical programs for domestic improvement were presented to the nation as demanding a sustained national effort for a much longer period than one or two Presidential terms. True, he is not popular abroad, but what other opinion could foreigners have if they listen to what so many Americans say about their President?

There is something sick and sickening in this anti-Johnson fury. The howls against him do not change; they just get louder: "Hey, Hey, LBJ, How Many Kids Did You Kill Today?" With endless variations, they come from men of certified wisdom as well as the ranks of the New Left.

WHAT has he done to make himself the object of such revulsion? It is impossible to know how the majority of the electorate might feel about him one year from now, and the data provided by the pollsters are as irrelevant as the primaries being run in some special estate, such as the one of the intellectuals. But it can be said that his very person, the man he is, goes against the grain of certain categories of citizens and arouses the latent meanness in a fairly large number of articulate people. Even his notorious sensitivity to what is said and, above all, written about him is provocation to poison tongues and poison pens.

The outsize features of his person and of his mind are offensive to many who cannot stand a President who thinks big, acts big, and so untiringly pursues the goals he has assigned himself. Moreover, his bigness could turn out to be greatness, and this fear may be lurking in the minds of those who have taken most advantage of his unusual vulnerability to detraction.

The war on poverty and the Great Society are vast though still cloudy programs in the President's mind, and the fancy names they have been given are probably the contribution of some of the scribes who now sneer at him. But certainly the prosecution of the war in Vietnam is the riskiest and weightiest of his undertakings. He could have stopped it at any time, just as his predecessor could have done but didn't; he could stop it today by accepting a cessation of the bombing, followed by perfunctory negotiations. South Vietnam would be ruled by a coalition government with a large Communist participation, and our soldiers could be brought home. Briefly, it would be like Laos, but minus large U.S. forces at the border.

We have been reminded of the Laotian precedent by Mr. Theodore Sorensen, who further suggests, with self-protecting qualifications, that a good example of the way to get out of Vietnam may be derived from the experience of the Bay of Pigs. This is exactly what the enemy wants us to do, and no American President would later have to pass any ransomed South Vietnamese prisoners in review.

IN the last few months the pressure on Lyndon Johnson to stop the bombing and bring the war to an end has been ever mounting. Then the President decided that the time had come to restate our country's position as clearly and forcefully as he could. In his San Antonio speech on September 29, he said: "It [Vietnam] is the arena where Communist expansionism is most aggressively at work in the world today . . . ." Two weeks later, at a press conference on October 12, Dean Rusk followed suit. He is the one member of the cabinet who, because of his loyalty and fearlessness, seems to be made to order to take much punishment.

The most skillful baiters of Johnson and Rusk could not believe their ears or their eyes. There is an old French saying: This animal is so mean that, when attacked, it defends itself. Haven't those two men had enough? Of course not. More punishment will be inflicted on both of them, and there will be no respect for their office or personal lives. After Dean Rusk dared to speak out forcefully and well, the counterattack against what was called his Yellow Peril mania was furious,

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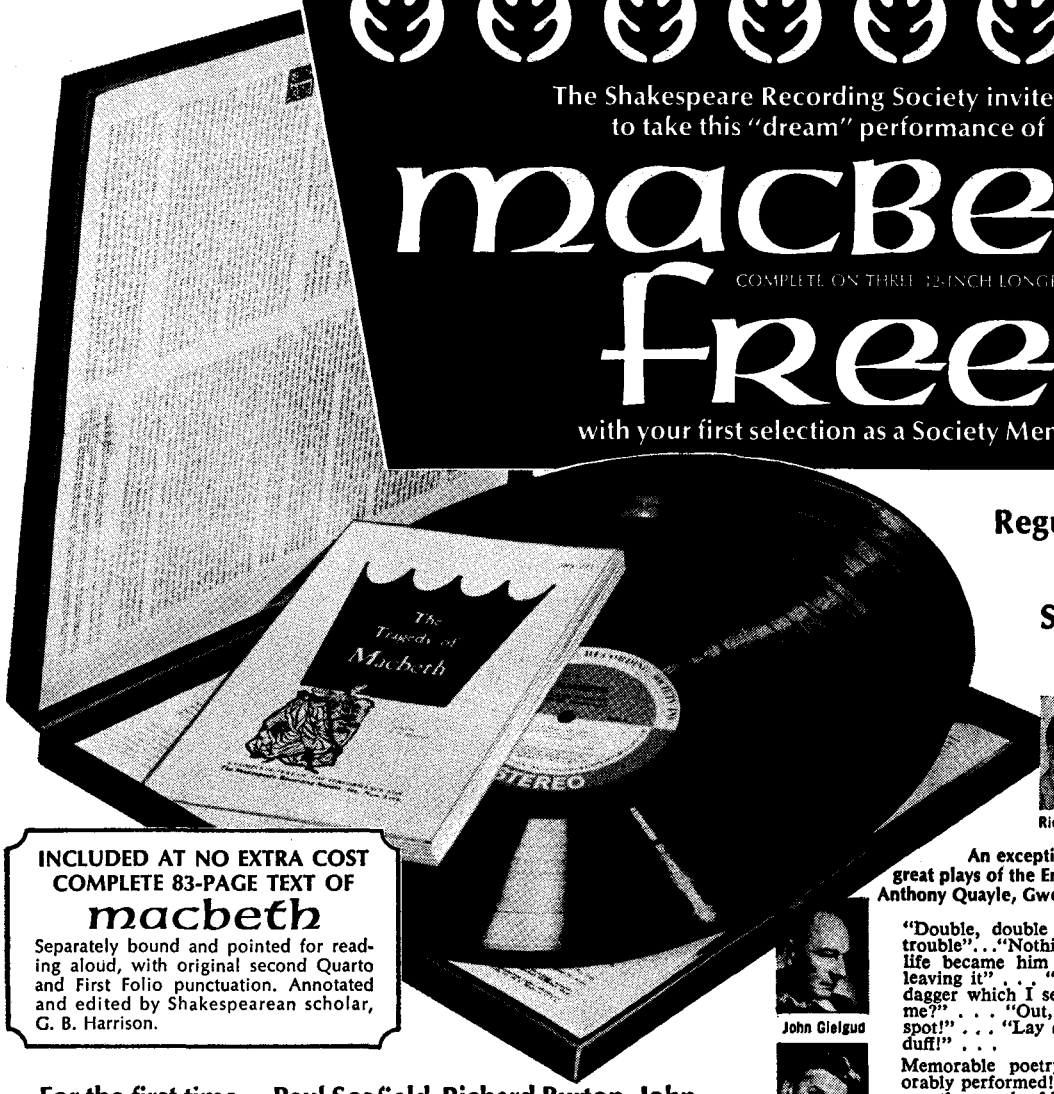

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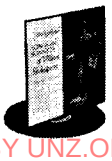

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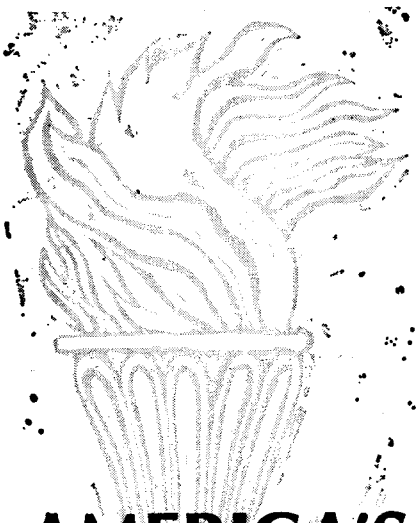

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Someone you know needs the USO. Someone you know wants a haven in a hostile world. Someone you know needs a reminder that folks back home really care. Show him you care. Give to the civilian-supported USO through your local United Fund or Community Chest.

USO is there, only if you care.

though among the columnists there was a noble competition to exempt him from the suspicion of racial prejudice.

Or perhaps there is nothing particularly new in this anti-Johnson, anti-Rusk rampage and these two Southerners must have found the right name for it: It is just a lynching party.

—Max Ascoli

Hunger

Amid all the indignation over the initial defeat of the administration's rat-control bill and the irresponsible silliness that accompanied it, no one seems to have paid much attention to the fate at the hands of the House Agriculture Committee of another urgently needed and comparatively inexpensive piece of humanitarian legislation. The bill, S. 2138, which was introduced by John C. Stennis (D., Mississippi) and quickly passed by the Senate early in August, would furnish $75 million in the next two years for food and emergency medical aid to poor Americans whose own communities either do not or will not provide for them.

Some eight hundred of the nation's three thousand or so counties do not take part in Federal food programs for the poor—usually because of inability or unwillingness to share in the administrative costs. In counties that do participate, the Department of Agriculture administers two kinds of food plans: one is a giveaway of surplus commodities and the other a stamp plan that subsidizes participants so that they can buy "more than their money's worth" of groceries. Although the stamps give the poor access to a greater variety of food, many do not have the cash to buy stamps. And under either program, local authorities can restrict the number of beneficiaries.

In Texas, the home state of House Agriculture Committee Chairman W.R. Poage, out of 254 counties, 153—including Blanco County, where the LBJ Ranch is situated—have no Federal food programs. In the 101 other counties that do have such plans, less than nine per cent of the poor are permitted to participate. Yet in 1966 Texas received $448 million in Federal agricultural subsidies.

But Texas is not the only offender. Nor is Mississippi, which has been singled out for its niggardliness on a number of recent occasions. (As a matter of fact, Mississippi is the only state where some sort of Federal food program—though often meager—operates in every county.) According to evidence presented to the Senate subcommittee on Employment, Manpower and Poverty last July, there are substantial pockets of hunger among the Eskimos in Alaska, the Indians in the Southwest, the migrant workers on the West and East Coasts, and the poor whites of West Virginia and Kentucky. Virginia, two of whose Congressmen on the committee voted for shelving the bill, extends Federal food help to less than two per cent of its poor.

The beauty of the Stennis bill is its flexibility. It would permit the Secretaries of Agriculture and Health, Education and Welfare to intervene without the invitation of local governments. Why, then, the delay?

The ostensible reason is that the committee does not know how many Americans are undernourished and wishes to wait until the results of a government survey are in. This seems incomprehensible in view of testimony at the July Senate hearings that at least 400,000 and perhaps as many as four million Americans regularly do not get enough to eat and the committee's knowledge that the Stennis bill is a temporary measure in any case.

Even preliminary findings from the inquiry undertaken jointly by the Departments of Agriculture and Health, Education and Welfare won't be in before March. That's a long time when you're hungry.

The Greeks Had a Word . . .

The rather asyntactic nature of the continuing Senate floor squabble between Senators Dirksen and Fulbright highlights the need for an innovation in official forensic style. Not only do these altercations grow sourer as the years go by; they have also become topsy-turvy, what with the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee attacking the

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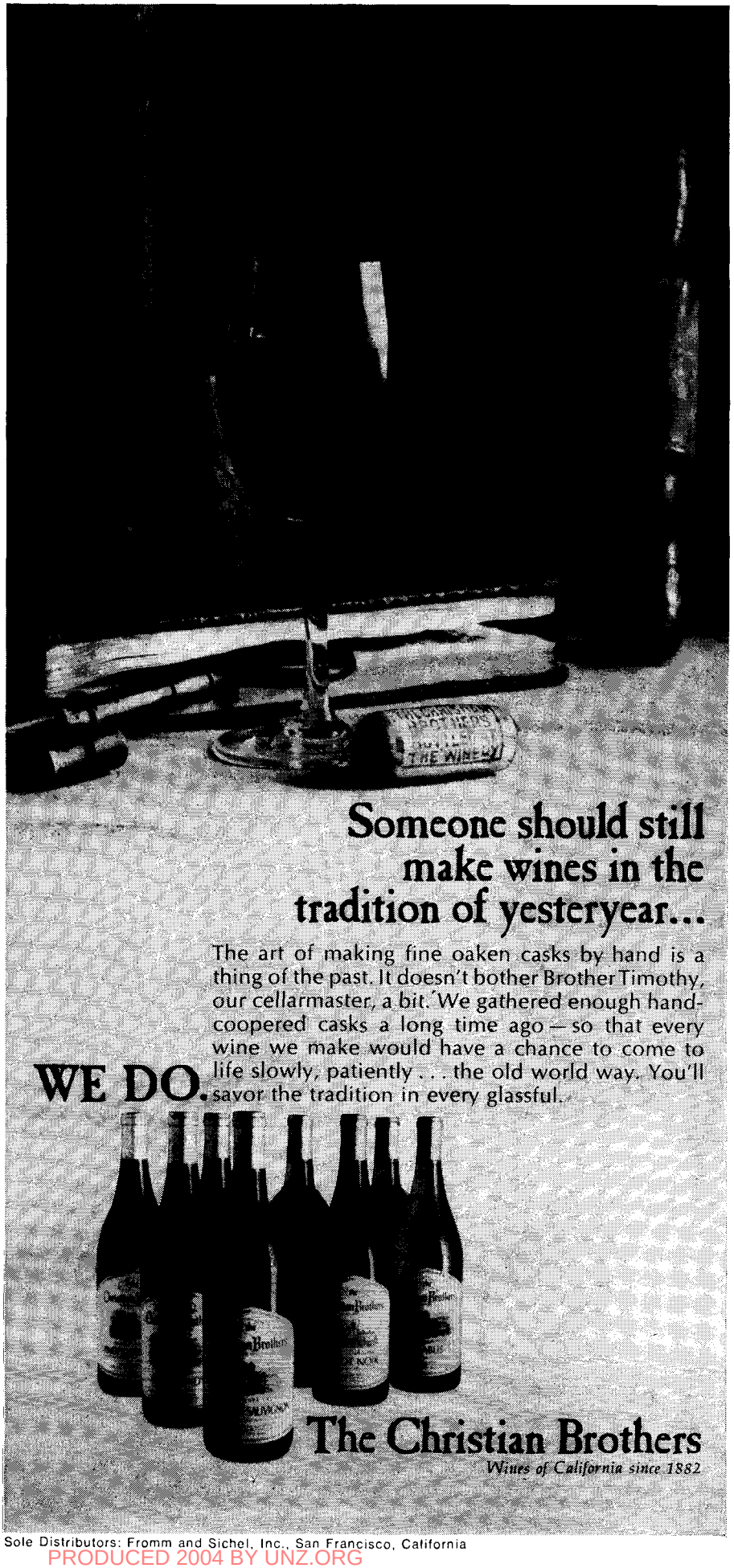
President's foreign policy while the Senate Minority Leader steadfastly defends it.

It has often been suspected—and rightly—that English is simply too crude an instrument to meet the exigencies of high policy debate. There is a story—apparently apocryphal—that ancient Greek just missed being voted the national language by the Founding Fathers. But it is not too late to correct that decision. Let the solons take a tip from their namesake, get wise and Hellenize.

Needless to say—or is it?—that the best of all Hellenic ideals, "moderation in all things," is especially called for here. Where would we be if we slavishly translated the cornerstone of the system, private enterprise, as "idiotic chiropractice"? Probably just about where we are now. But consider the manifold advantages of sending and receiving something like this: "McClosky, logothete of the Exotic Hypo-urge, announced to logographers today that the Archi Hypo-urger of Exotic Policy, Dean Rusk . . . etc."

Now "Archi Hypo-urger of Exotic Policy" is not only a title with a lot of class but also clearly indicates the nature of the function that Mr. Rusk is trying to perform—the kind of political action necessary to America's global responsibility. By comparison, "Secretary of State" sounds like "Stenographer of State." Then take "cephalocracy"—a much more impressive and genteel word than "capitalism." "Capitalist" (neither a happy nor an accurate term) would become "cephalocrat," that is, one who rules by virtue of using his head, and far more in keeping with the fundamental American ideal since it has the smack of "meritocracy" (itself an example of the bastard fusion of Latin and Greek perpetrated by the pachycephaloi who put together the English language when nobody was really watching).

"Pachycephaloi" is the plural of "pachycephalos," a word we offer to Senators Dirksen and Fulbright for use in their exchanges. It is, after all, so much more refined, scientific, and connotative of epistemological finding than its clumsy, undecorous English equivalent—"fat head."


Someone should still make wines in the tradition of yesteryear...
The art of making fine oaken casks by hand is a thing of the past. It doesn't bother Brother Timothy, our cellarmaster, a bit. We gathered enough hand-coopered casks a long time ago — so that every wine we make would have a chance to come to life slowly, patiently . . . the old world way. You'll savor the tradition in every glassful.
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A Democratic Disaster Area

JAMES PHELAN

Los Angeles

California is scarcely farther from New York by jet than Hackensack is by taxi, but politically it is as remote and baffling as Ulan Bator. Eastern columnists periodically trek to this golden land, peer at the chaos, interrogate the more articulate natives, and then try to interpret to the rest of the country what is happening. By the time they decipher their notes, strange new happenings on the Pacific shore contradict their conclusions.

On last year's trek, they dismissed Ronald Reagan as a bad joke by the desperate Far Right. This year they are queueing up under the golden dome at Sacramento for interviews with Governor Reagan, the man who beat Edmund G. Brown by a million votes. "The days of flippant jokes about Ronald Reagan are over," the *Saturday Review* announced recently. "Californians have learned to take him seriously as their governor and as a possible Presidential candidate. Soon the country will, too." Under a Los Angeles dateline, Max Lerner concurred: "There is a spectre haunting rival Republican and Democratic candidates. It is the spectre of Ronald Reagan."

While the outlanders recast Reagan from their 1966 jest to their 1967 spectre, California weaves new political mazes to confound them. The next twelve months, climaxing in the Presidential election, promise to be a vintage year for confusion. All the old familiar signposts were toppled in the Reagan landslide. In the past, the prognosticators could ponder the simple problem of which wing of the California Democratic Party would prevail—the ultraliberals clustered around the California Democratic Council (CDC) or the moderates stretching rightward from Governor Brown over to Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh. Today strange new banners are flourished amid the wreckage of the Democratic Party. Along with the CDC there are the DVC, the CCD, and the DD. Hardly anything is the same, including Jesse Unruh. Type-cast by the visitors as a Western version of the familiar iron-handed Eastern machine boss, the erstwhile "Big Daddy" has trimmed down to a slim "Little Daddy" and has become subdued and almost gentle in defeat.

Even Shirley Temple Black has abandoned the role assigned to her by caustic visitors as the *reductio ad absurdum* intended to keep Hollywood in its place. When Reagan still was viewed as a joke, the gagsters would ask, "What next—Shirley Temple?" Now she indeed has tossed her curls into the political ring.

This Black comedy elicits little laughter from the Democrats; they hurt too much. They are just beginning to limp about in search of the pieces of their party, strewn across the landscape by its shattering collision with Ronald Reagan's smile. Recently a journalist interviewed eight Democratic leaders on "What on earth happened to the Democratic Party in California?" From five of them all he got was a rueful "If you find out, tell me."

Call It Democide

The full dimensions of the Democratic disaster went largely unnoticed nationally in the intense public interest in Reagan's victory and his subsequent performance. Brown's defeat was explained simply as a McLuhanesque triumph of a superb electronic massage over a linear square. "I ran against Reagan the way I ran against Knowland and Nixon," Brown said recently. "I went after him hard on the extremist issue and tried to make a bad guy out of him. But people just got

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mad at me for saying mean things about such a nice fellow. I became the bad guy and *he* became the good guy."

This may explain what happened to Brown, but it leaves all the other disasters dangling. Under Brown, the Democrats held every state elective office except the minor one of Secretary of State. They had such commanding majorities in both houses of the legislature that Speaker Unruh once locked up the Republicans in the lower house, like a group of unruly children, until they voted on an appropriation bill he deemed urgent. In losing to Reagan, the Democrats also lost every Sacramento office except that of Attorney General, retained by Thomas Lynch, a mild moderate of whom Reagan says, "I'm sorry he's not a Republican."

Unruh was reduced to a 42-38 majority in his Assembly, and the state Senate was split 20-20, with Republican Lieutenant Governor Robert Finch holding the tie-breaking vote. For the Democrats, this wafer-thin control of half the legislative machinery is the worst of all possible consolation prizes. It gives them no chance whatever to impose their will on Reagan by overriding any veto, which requires a two-thirds vote. On the other hand, it provides Reagan with an irrefutable alibi for failure to deliver on his campaign promises. He already is using it to turn away the wrath of his Far Right backers. After tub-thumping for stringent economy, Reagan signed a record budget and the greatest tax-increase bill imposed by any state administration in history. "A governor," Reagan sighs, shaking his head sadly over the marginal Democratic hold on the Assembly, "can do only so much by himself."

The massive rejection of Democratic candidates was all the more baffling in view of registration figures. The electorate that turned the Democrats out of Sacramento was 3-2 Democratic and had gone strongly for Johnson over Goldwater in 1964. To muddy things further, the 1966 Republican sweep of the state did not extend to the Congressional delegation. Under Brown, the Democrats enjoyed a 23-15 edge in the House of Representatives. While expelling the Democrats at home, the voters sent a 21-17 Democratic delegation back to Washington.

A POPULAR EXPLANATION for this political schizophrenia is that Californians vote for their convictions in state contests and for their pocketbooks in their delegation to Washington. The economy leans heavily on Federal contracts in aerospace, electronics, and defense industries; California far outstrips all other states in the flowback of money from Washington. So long as a Democratic administration holds the Federal faucet, the theory goes, California voters send friendly hands

to keep it turned on. But the same bewildering electorate has given both its U. S. Senate seats to Republicans—Thomas Kuchel and George Murphy—and it is well known that a Senator is a handier faucet turner than a Representative. Add to this anomaly Reagan's incessant and bitter inveighing against the evils of Federal spending, and the economic self-interest explanation begins to leak at the seams.

A more tenable explanation for California's peculiar behavior is that the Democratic Party here has been an illusion, a sort of studio mockup of a party rather than a real one. After all, this is the motherland of illusion, the place that gave birth to Hollywood and restaurants disguised as huge brown derbies. It is a land where people accept things on faith, where thousands convene annually for a flying-saucer convention at which only those who have ridden in an unidentified flying object are granted the podium.

Not long ago, a puzzled immigrant from Boston complained to an immigrant from Chicago that he had been a resident of California for two years and had yet to see a precinct worker. "That's nothing," said the ex-Chicagoan. "I've lived here twenty years and have never seen one either." They agreed that this could never happen in Boston or Chicago. "Maybe," mused the ex-Bostonian, "there aren't any precinct workers here."

Recently the head of the strife-torn CDC gave credence to this illusion theory. The CDC, long at odds with the so-called party regulars at home, is now at odds with the Johnson administration on the Vietnam issue and has decided to enter a "peace" slate of convention delegates in the 1968 primary election. It has been plagued with resignations. In its less tumultuous days, the CDC was billed as seventy thousand strong, but its new president, Gerald Hill, put its current membership at thirty-three thousand. Asked if the CDC wasn't dissenting itself out of existence, Hill blandly replied that it never had anywhere near seventy thousand members, but had been inflated in much the way cereal firms puff a handful of wheat into a giant box of breakfast food.

If the CDC consisted of about fifty per cent puffed air, what passed as the regular party has proved to be something less than granite. "I unified the party against Knowland in 1958," Brown says, "but when I lost to Reagan it fell to the ground." Democratic State Chairman Charles Warren puts it another way: "We're not structured here for strong party discipline. With an open primary system and no patronage to speak of, the official party is powerless except for persuasion."

In defeat, the party has separated into wildly disparate factions. They bear such little resemblance to each other that it is difficult to believe they once bore the same label, or

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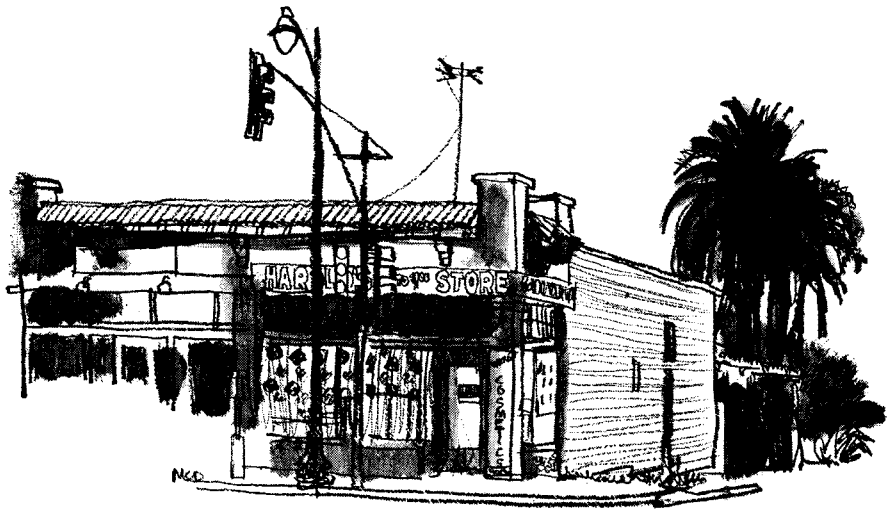

to conceive of the kind of leader or issue that will reunite them.

The Yortycrats

The lack of Democratic cohesiveness is evidenced by the current anguish over assembling a delegation to next year's national convention. Under California's free-for-all system, any Democrat who musters 13,746 signatures can submit a slate of delegates in the primary next June. Under ordinary circumstances, fielding a "regular" delegation to support an incumbent President's renomination would be an elementary political exercise. In 1960 and 1964, the Democrats resorted to the familiar device of a favorite-son delegation, headed by Governor Brown. But despite his prestige as a million-vote winner over Knowland, so great were the internal stresses in the party that Brown lost control of the delegation in 1960. As a million-vote loser to Reagan, he is not everyone's favorite to head a delegation certain to be racked by bitter passions over Vietnam.

So far, the so-called party regulars have done little more than examine the delegation problem and cringe away from it. "It is a lot like organizing an orderly parade of cats and dogs," one Los Angeles assemblyman says. And Charles O'Brien, chief deputy for Attorney General Lynch, says, "What we need is for Lyndon Johnson to bump some heads together. The first thing to be done is solve the problem of Sam Yorty."

Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles is a problem more easily diagnosed than resolved. A determined loner, he exemplifies California's unique disunity, which is compounded of both personality and ideological factors. He is not on speaking terms with either the CDC leaders or Democratic National Committeeman Eugene Wyman, and his relations with Brown are frosty. He helped Reagan's landslide victory by jumping into the primary against Brown and pulling 38.6 per cent of the vote. Brown declares himself willing to forget his injuries and recently sent a conciliatory message to Yorty suggesting that they iron out the delegation problem in a manner satisfactory to the maverick mayor. Yorty responded with "Brown doesn't need to send me messengers. Let him pick up the telephone and call me."

Yorty's antagonism to the CDC is ideological; he declares that the backers of the peace delegation "are manipulated by the Communists." His feud with Wyman stems from a long brannigan with Wyman's wife, Rosalind, who served on the Los Angeles city council until Yorty helped unseat her. One issue between Yorty and Mrs. Wyman involved an offshore oil lease, which Mrs. Wyman approved and Yorty assailed as a "multimillion-dollar sellout" to a "special-interest group." The lease proved to have no oil on it, which neither embarrassed Yorty nor mended things with the Wymans.

Yorty, whose minimum demand is the ouster of Wyman, may put together his own delegation. He fielded one in 1964 (unsuccessfully) and recently ordered a memo on what it would take to do it again. Although he supports Johnson and Humphrey, his adherence to Johnson is less than total and is impelled to some degree by his intense dislike for Robert Kennedy. *That* feud goes back to Yorty's endorsement of Nixon over John Kennedy in 1960. It flared again early this year when Senator Kennedy cast aspersions on Yorty's effectiveness as mayor when Yorty testified before a Senate committee studying urban problems.

A YORTY DELEGATION supporting Johnson would make an odd picture. It would be barren of recognizable California Democratic names. Furthermore, it would be headed by a man who bluntly terms himself closer to Nixon and Goldwater than to Johnson on Vietnam, and has called for the ouster of McNamara because he is not pushing the Vietnam struggle with enough vigor.

Whether he enters his own Yortycrat delegation may depend on whether he decides to run for the Senate next year, when Kuchel must run for re-election. Yorty long has yearned for a seat in the Senate and is plainly restless in the mayor's office. If he should seek the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator, it seems unlikely that he would challenge the party regulars with a convention delegation of his own. But then, Yorty has a penchant for the unlikely.

Visiting journalists have difficulty understanding why the Democratic Party tolerates a man who supported a Republican for President, tried to unseat an incumbent Democratic governor, urges the ouster of Johnson's Secretary of Defense, and threatens to enter his own convention delegation. The reason is that the party can do nothing about Yorty except seethe, as party chieftains have been doing for years. The Yortycrat faction is financially independent; Yorty annually stages $100-a-plate dinners in honor of his birthday, with an occasional fund-raiser thrown in on a non-birthday.

Yorty, however, can do much to hurt the party, particularly in its present disarray. With the CDC committed to fielding a peace delegation, the prospect of two pro-Johnson delegations—one headed by the party regulars and the other by Yorty —is the stuff political insomnia is made of. A recent state poll worsened the regulars' nightmare. It

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showed that a pro-Johnson delegation was favored over a peace delegation by only forty-two per cent to thirty-nine per cent. Dividing the Johnson support could result in the nation's largest state dispatching to the convention a delegation grimly opposed to the President on the major national issue.

Dissent in Hollywood

While the party regulars procrastinate, the CDC moves single-mindedly ahead with its plans for an anti-Vietnam delegation. In September, twenty CDC directors resigned, charging that CDC President Hill "and hidden persuaders" are "arbitrarily planning to repudiate the Democratic Party, its leaders, its elected officials, and its individual members." Some have regrouped under the banner of the CCD—Central California Democrats—an anti-CDC organization formed in July at Fresno. The CCD has acquired the public blessing of Alan Cranston, former state controller and a CDC founder.

With the defection of almost half the CDC directorate, National Committeeman Wyman pronounced the CDC moribund. "It is regrettable to watch an organization which once was a powerful arm of the Democratic Party die," he declared. "However, it is clear that in its present form, it no longer serves any useful purpose."

The CDC has paid no attention to Wyman's funeral oration and was considerably enlivened by the poll that put a peace delegation within a shade of pro-Johnson group Futhermore, it is receiving fresh support from yet another Democratic faction, the newly organized Dissenting Democrats. This is a one-issue group; it wants the bombing of North Vietnam stopped and peace negotiations begun. It has put Johnson on notice that it will not support him unless he complies and has declared that it will support any dove candidate, including a Republican, running against any hawk.

The DD's are headed by Robert Vaughn, the Napoleon Solo of television's *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, and the biggest names on their letterhead are also from show business—Dick Van Dyke, Carl Reiner, Ben Gazzara, Janice Rule, Inger Stevens, and author-playwright Ray Bradbury. Coming so soon after Reagan wrested the whole state from the Democrats, this defection of show-business Democrats illuminates the ephemeral quality of political allegiances in the Golden State. There was a time when the Democrats owned Hollywood politically, but that fiefdom has gone with the wind of change.

The DD's are raising money to publish full-page ads in twenty-five major cities, bearing signatures of local Democrats who backed Johnson in 1964 but pledge to work against him unless he about-faces on Vietnam. Their first ad, carrying eight thousand signatures, ran when Johnson spoke at Los Angeles in June. "We don't plan to participate in the CDC peace delegation," Vaughn says, "but we're going to back it and cheer it on."

Vaughn lists Robert Kennedy as "the foremost acceptable alternative" to Johnson and recently conferred with Kennedy at the Senator's home, Hickory Hill. Since the Senator already has announced his support for Johnson in 1968, he is plainly—or at least currently—ineligible for DD membership. What did Kennedy have to say about the dump-Johnson movement? "Well, I mainly talked and he listened," Vaughn says. "And then he told me to keep him informed."

With all this internal chaos, the Democrats face the prospect of George Wallace of Alabama invading the state. He is known to have some political outriders scouting the land. If he does not organize a third-party movement nationally, he may enter the Democratic primary with a delegation slate of his own.

"The President is reconciled to a contest with the so-called peace delegation, but he hopes that everyone else will unite in a single group," Brown has declared. Hope is a poor political persuader in this anarchic, sun-baked land where feuds and egos, like the geraniums, grow twice as big as they do elsewhere. Whereas most states are content to assemble a single convention delegation, California's Democrats may have to choose from four.

A caller observed recently to State Chairman Warren that 1968 promised to be a rather unusual year. "It will indeed," he sighed. "And you know something? I'd just as soon skip it."

How Do You Fight Shirley Temple?

JULIUS DUSCHA

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA

Lovable little Shirley Temple running for Congress? Certainly not! The Shirley Temple Black campaigning in affluent San Mateo County down the peninsula from San Francisco is a coolly controlled, sometimes steely-eyed candidate. In a rather hard voice she sticks to a conservative Republican script calculated to exploit the widespread apprehensions about Vietnam, riots, taxes, and morality. Never is she rattled. And never does she present herself as a grown-up child actress at sea in the real world.

This is not to say that the name and pleasant memories of Shirley Temple, one of the most popular movie moppets of all time, are not the candidate's chief asset. Mrs. Black changed her voter registration from Shirley J. Black to Shirley Temple Black so that her all-important maiden name would appear on the ballot. The campaign literature and the bumper stickers read "Shirley Temple Black," while the buttons merely say "Shirley." And at the age of thirty-nine, Mrs. Black still has that instantly recognized baby face of thirty-five movies and forty television shows. "Jesus Christ!" exclaimed one startled woman on whose doorstep she appeared. "It's you!"

But behind the name and the

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face is a tough-minded, determined woman who listens to the advice of the professionals running her campaign but makes her own decisions. Mrs. Black's driving ambition to be a Congresswoman has proved to be almost as difficult for her opponents to combat as her service record on the Good Ship Lollipop. She is the favorite in the crowded field of ten candidates seeking to succeed the conservative Republican Representative J. Arthur Younger, who died last June. Under California law, all candidates run on a single ballot in a special election of this kind. If no one receives a majority in the November 14 voting, a runoff between the Republican and Democrat with the highest number of votes will be held on December 12.

Most of San Mateo County is an idyllic suburbia on the San Francisco Peninsula. The cities strung along the Bayshore Freeway and the Southern Pacific commuter line include aristocratic Atherton and benign Burlingame as well as hustling Redwood City and middle-class San Mateo. A few Negro families live on the southern fringe of the county in East Palo Alto and East Menlo Park and there is a working-class community in South San Francisco in the northern section. It is a satisfied Republican district that liked the lackluster representation that was given it by Younger for the last fifteen years.

In a less homogeneous and conservative district, Mrs. Black's opponents (three Republicans and six Democrats) could provide an interesting test of voter attitudes toward Vietnam and other issues of the 1968 election. The candidates represent points of view on the war ranging from the most dovish to the most hawkish. But since nothing has been succeeding in California politics like glamor, this campaign begins and ends with Shirley.

The Humble Housewife

A resident of San Mateo County for thirteen years who now lives in the horsy community of Woodside, Mrs. Black brings to the campaign the do-gooder credentials of a Junior League-type mother of three teenagers. Her husband, Charles, is the wealthy son of a former president of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. who spends his time looking after his investments.

As Senator George Murphy and Governor Ronald Reagan demonstrated, however, a Hollywood name must be hitched to a believable political image. In 1964 Murphy assumed the role of the kindly Irish uncle. Last year Reagan was the concerned citizen fighting the evil politicians. And Mrs. Black is the worried mother who wants to make the world a better place for her children. The

movie star turned politician has the instant recognition and name identification so important in today's fluid politics. But once a Hollywood personality declares as a candidate, he or she need never again mention the show-business past and is free to concentrate on the establishment of a political image while other candidates plaster the countryside with billboards and—as one of Shirley's desperate opponents has done—even resort to such stunts as going up in a balloon to try to make their names known.

In Mrs. Black's campaign, there is a studied effort to play down her movie and television career. Almost as an afterthought, her campaign brochure refers to her as "a leader in the entertainment industry" on the same page with a stern-visaged picture of her visiting Red Square. Mrs. Black may be the only thirty-nine-year-old woman in the United States deliberately trying to look older than her years. Her dresses are expensive but they are not chic. They reach well below the knees for that sensible mature look.

Like all candidates, Mrs. Black has a little speech. Before businessmen's luncheon clubs she begins with Vietnam and goes from there to riots, high taxes, and morality. In talking with housewives at three or four coffee hours a day, she emphasizes moral problems. Shirley's opposition to the showing of the movie *Night Games* at the San Francisco Film Festival last year on the grounds that it was pornographic is well remembered, but she claims she is not "an advance lady for Carry Nation."

Mrs. Black attempts to be humble, too. She notes that she was a depression baby, that her father had to work at two jobs to support her family, that her mother made all of her clothes, and that the radio was their only recreation. She never mentions that she was working in the movies at the age of three and made a fortune in the grim 1930's.

She also takes the time before audiences of women to explain that her decision to run was made with the full support of her husband and children ("We have a Family Council every night and one night the subject was whether Mother should go to Congress") and that the whole Black family would move to Washington should she be elected.

Discussions of morality and family life seem to come naturally enough to this small, neat, dark-haired woman with the flat California voice—much more naturally, in fact, than her comments on Vietnam. She says that President Johnson should pay more attention to the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and less to the man she described in her maiden speech as Senator McNamara. She notes darkly that McNamara's middle name is Strange. Shirley claims that she is seeking as much information as possible before advocating a solution to the Vietnamese War, but she does not quail at the hawk line. She has suggested mining Haiphong harbor,

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which she says can be done by two airplanes in four hours. She even seems to be a fatalist about a Third World War, noting that U.S. strategy in Vietnam should not be based on fear of setting off a conflagration. "We mustn't be afraid of this war that may come some day," she says. "I think it will happen anyway."

Mrs. Black supports the United Nations because "it does serve to keep the lines of communication open" but says that "most of it is Communist propaganda." She is against foreign aid because it is a handout, and opposes trading with Communist countries because "When we send them a nail I'm afraid it will come back as a bullet in the back of one of our soldiers."

In discussing riots, high taxes, and "the breakdown of moral principles," Mrs. Black decries "the lack of inspirational leadership at the top." She also says she is disturbed because "we don't have any words to live by" and firmly declares that such slogans as "Beautify America," "Brush Your Teeth After Every Meal" and "Keep Physically Fit" simply aren't good enough. She doesn't suggest what new slogans might uplift America, but the women in her coffee-hour audiences solemnly nod in agreement as Shirley calls for rededication.

She talks about rights and responsibilities ("No one has a right to a color TV unless he can pay for it. No one has a right to a job unless he is qualified for it") and declares that the only anti-poverty program she supports is Head Start.

Mrs. Black may be even more conservative than she seems on the public platform. When deploring the high rate of drug arrests in San Mateo County and its high drinking, divorce, and suicide rates one day before a Kiwanis Club luncheon, she suddenly stopped and asked: "Is the water fluoridated?" Some of the cities in the county fluoridate their water and others don't, and here as elsewhere the ultraconservatives have almost equated fluoridation with Communism.

Helping to keep Mrs. Black from making mistakes are the canny political public-relations firm of Whitaker & Baxter, Vic Gold, who served Goldwater as a press aide in 1964, and Robert Walker, who became in-

volved in Shirley's campaign last summer. He previously had worked in Washington with Dr. Gaylord Parkinson when he headed the Nixon for President offices in the Capital. Gold and the Whitaker & Baxter men were pulled into the campaign a month before the election when polls showed Mrs. Black in the lead with half the voters undecided. She also has the support of many of the country's Republican leadership.

Nine Likely Losers

And how do you fight Shirley Temple? Two of her opponents went to Vietnam for a few days. Another went to Washington for a day. And everywhere candidates are shaking hands, visiting shopping centers, drinking coffee, suffering through luncheon-club meetings, and putting up billboards as they desperately bid for the name identification that has put Mrs. Black so far out in front.

Mrs. Black's principal Republican opponents are conservatives whose positions on Vietnam do not differ greatly from her own. One is William H. Draper III, a young businessman who is the son of a former Under Secretary of the Army. Draper, who has some backing from the county's Republican hierarchy, took his campaign to Vietnam for a few days. He is fighting to make his name known in the county and he refers to his extensive handshaking and door-to-door campaigning as "hand-to-hand combat."

One Republican, Robert R. Barry, gave up the fight altogether, withdrawing from the race three weeks before election day and urging his backers to support Mrs. Black. Barry, who once represented part of New York's Westchester County and ran against Democratic Representative John Tunney in Southern California last year, had been labeled "Rent-a-Congressman" Barry by some of his former colleagues.

Among the six Democratic candidates is former *Ramparts* magazine publisher Edward M. Keating, who unsuccessfully ran for the Democratic Congressional nomination in the county last year. He is calling for an immediate end to U.S. involvement in the war in Vietnam. And there is Patrick F. X. McGucken of Emmitsburg, Maryland, who from a bivouac in a San Mateo motel proclaims himself a stand-in for President Johnson and is the only Democrat who has allied himself with the President. The lone independent candidate, former jockey Willie Slocum, a long shot, left the narrowing field in mid-October.

Most of Shirley's opponents are trying to ignore her candidacy, an admittedly difficult thing to do with reporters from publications throughout the world seeking interviews with her. Some try to combat her appeal by saying that a woman's place is in the home, particularly when she is the mother of three teen-agers. The always hopeful Keating discerns a Shirley Temple Blacklash among middle-aged housewives. Another Democratic candidate concedes, "She's very popular and . . . has a darn good chance of winning."

When Mrs. Black was still trying to make up her mind to run late last summer, there was some talk among California Republicans that her candidacy would break the magic mirror of Hollywood glamor politics. But now Republican leaders in the state are assuming that Mrs. Black will be elected to Congress and that someday she will succeed to the Senate seat held by George Murphy, with whom lovable little Shirley Temple once danced in a movie.

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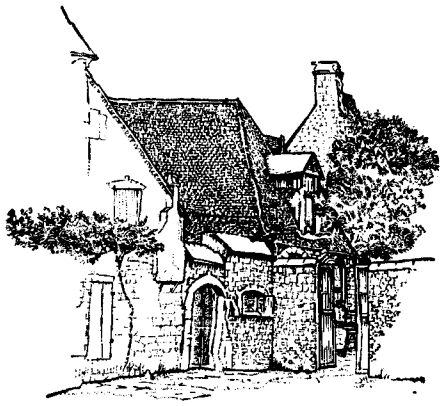

De Gaulle's Economic Reforms

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

FROM President de Gaulle's viewpoint, the French political scene, despite labor unrest and peasant discontent, looks noticeably brighter than it did when Parliament adjourned last summer. The Gaullists, who squeaked through with a bare majority in the elections for the National Assembly last March, made a relatively strong showing in the September cantonal elections. The motion of censure filed by the Left opposition when the Assembly reconvened in October fell thirty-seven votes short of adoption, whereas a similar motion last June failed by only seven votes. Premier Georges Pompidou's indispensable allies, former Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and his Independent Republican followers, staunchly reaffirmed their loyalty during the debate, which probably foreshadowed the Assembly's ratification next February or March of the government's controversial economic decrees. Above all, as both the September elections and the censure debate demonstrated, the Center opposition is splitting apart, with the larger segment tending to reinforce the Gaullist majority. As some French political analysts see the emerging picture, a strong, relatively stable Gaullist-Centrist coalition under Pompidou's tactical leadership—one that might even survive de Gaulle himself—is taking shape.

To be sure, the Communists have likewise been gaining ground, and rather faster than de Gaulle's followers. Even the failure of the censure motion strengthened rather than weakened the dominance of the Communists within the leftist bloc. The violent resentment against the government's economic policy in several rather sizable minority groups that are being hurt by it naturally helps to build popular support for the Communists throughout the country; they were the biggest gainers in the cantonal elections. The trend toward polarization of French politics along class lines, however, does not appear to worry the Gaullists, who have long forecast it and are now exploiting it to rally all the economically entrenched or rising elements of the population under their banner in defense of the existing social order. And there is reason to believe that anti-Communist themes will figure increasingly in the Gaullists' internal propaganda, whether or not they are eventually reflected in foreign policy.

The Fruits of Bayeux

The main—or at least the immediate—catalyst of political alignment since the narrow Gaullist victory in the parliamentary elections last spring has undoubtedly been the series of economic and fiscal measures enacted by the Pompidou government under the special decree powers reluctantly voted by the National Assembly before the summer vacation. Most of the decrees are highly technical, calculated to produce only limited effects in some specialized area of the national economy; none can properly be described as revolutionary. Taken as a whole, however, they add up to a far-reaching and reasonably coherent program of national renovation which, if nothing else, belies the impression of numerous foreign observers that President de Gaulle has been sacrificing economic progress at home to his pursuit of global grandeur. The program likewise seems to express a definite social and economic philosophy which is not easy to characterize because it attempts to synthesize extremely diverse if not antagonistic principles.

From the ideological viewpoint, the most interesting element in the summer's crop of decree laws is the legislation establishing compulsory profit sharing with labor in business enterprises with more than a hundred employees. The drain on corporate earnings is relatively so small and the benefits to the individual worker are so modest that the Left has been able to denounce it as a vast political hoax. In effect, under prevailing economic conditions it offers the lower-echelon personnel of firms large and prosperous enough to fall under the terms of the law an annual bonus of between $40 and $160, according to their wages, but payable only after five years under one of three officially approved deferred-savings or stock-distribution plans. Some 4.9 million workers are theoretically eligible to benefit by the innovation, but except perhaps in boom years the real number will be substantially less. To the neo-corporatist doctrinaires in the left wing of the Gaullist movement, the decree seemed a disappointingly meager embodiment of the philosophy of fraternal association between labor and management first outlined in General de Gaulle's Bayeux speech of 1947. Even such a sober political and economic analyst as Raymond Aron, an old Gaullist turned critic of the General's régime, voiced the fear that the decree would promote industrial friction rather than good will and would strengthen rather than weaken the hold of Marxist

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mythology on the mind of the French worker.

Conservative Gaullists and big business, on the other hand, were relieved, although not exactly enthusiastic. In their eyes, the greatest virtue of the new decree was that it had headed off the far more radical provisions of an amendment sponsored by the left-wing Gaullists. They also reacted favorably to the five-year deferment principle in the law, which allows management under certain safeguards to reinvest the share of surplus profits earmarked for ultimate distribution to the workers. And they liked the partial tax relief it affords, and the fact that an annual return of five per cent on a firm's capital investment is exempt from profit sharing with employees. Only the "superprofit" left over after taxes, after the deduction of the basic five per cent earnings and after some provision for reserves, is subject to sharing—roughly on a fifty-fifty basis —between workers and stockholders. In any company, variant stock-distribution or profit-sharing formulas may be approved. The decree stipulates that in every case the particular formula adopted shall be based on a formal contract negotiated between the employer and representatives of the workers.

WHATEVER other defects it may have, the law as presently framed can scarcely be termed demagogic. It reflects somewhat more concern for safeguarding property rights and the prerogatives of management than for ending the industrial worker's "alienation." Its long-range importance, nonetheless, seems considerable. It accentuates, however moderately, the statist character of the Fifth Republic; it establishes profit sharing as a legal obligation of management and stockholders; and it gives workers the legal right to know what real profits their labor is helping to generate. The last feature in particular may turn out to have significant psychological and material effects.

Probably the most questionable aspect of the decree is the technocratic mentality that underlay its enactment. Neither labor nor management nor the public at large had voiced any clear need for the kind of state intervention in industrial relations that it provided. But the government felt it knew what the general welfare required—"making the citizens happy in spite of themselves," as *Le Monde's* economic analyst entitled his critique.

The same brisk authoritarianism characterized the framing of the government decrees reforming France's social-security system, though their substance has been generally praised by nonpartisan commentators. The cost of making up the system's huge chronic deficit—some $800 million was forecast for 1968, if things had gone on as they were—was transferred in part from the shoulders of the taxpayers at large to the insured workers' by raising the premiums they have to pay and by eliminating minor benefits. The employers, who were already carrying a heavy share of the load, had their contribution increased to a lesser degree. For the first time, employers were likewise given equal representation with employees on the boards set up to supervise the administration of the various specialized social-security funds.

Nobody is pleased with the financial sacrifices that the reform involves, but the need to do something about the deficit was generally understood. It seems likely that if the government had engaged in more preliminary consultation and allowed more free discussion, its formula would have aroused much less opposition. (Even so, the Center-Left is disappointed at the relative mildness of the working-class reaction.)

Needless to say, the government consulted the public even less when it decreed that subway and bus fares in the Paris area would be approximately doubled. In theory it should be a popular decision nationally, because the state had been making good the large deficit of the Parisian transportation system and passing it on in taxes to millions of Frenchmen who rarely visit the capital.

Efficiency First

In reality, what nearly all the special decrees reveal is the régime's preoccupation—one might almost say obsession—with getting the country ready to meet the challenge of unrestricted competition from its European partners when the last customs barriers within the Common Market are lifted next July. Any serious degree of inflation would make French industry non-competitive, so Finance Minister Michel Debré is fiercely opposed to budgetary deficits, to increased farm subsidies, and to all but the most gradual rise in salaries, public or private. For the same reason he wants to preserve key French industrial firms from major aggravation of the already heavy load of social-security and other indirect labor costs they have to support.

If this general policy involves grinding the faces of the poor in the dust, Debré seems prepared to grind away. And if it amounts to pampering what are already the strongest elements in French industry, he is willing to pamper. But both Debré and the government as a whole are no more on the side of business as such than they are against the worker as a worker. They are for the efficient industry and the productive worker. They are just as ruthless in abandoning an obsolescent enterprise to its fate as they are in refusing to cushion the impact on the unqualified redundant worker or peasant. Pompidou is somewhat more sensitive than Debré to the human, or at least the political, implications of the reforms. He has recently indicated that the legal minimum wage will soon be raised a bit and that the peasantry can expect some modest relief. Though Debré is reported to be slightly uneasy over these concessions, they are not important enough to be imcompatible with his austere economic philosophy. Debré's experts—who are pretty good ones—have assured him that the western world generally, and the Common Market countries in particular, are emerging from their recent lethargy into a new phase of expansion and prosperity. If the experts are right, there will be little real suffering in France during the period of readjustment to the Common Market. There will be new jobs to replace lost old ones and wages will rise so much faster than prices that the sacrifices imposed on the working class will soon cease to be felt.

ONLY A FEW of the decrees—mainly those modernizing antiquated elements in the French tax system —had a specific application to the farm population. Their bite will be sharply felt by many small peasants,

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however. They were decided upon after only summary consultation with representatives of the groups most concerned, and they illustrate the government's Darwinian attitude with regard to minority interests of any kind that contribute little to the nation's economic power.

That Gaullism is just as solicitous of the modern and progressive sectors in French agriculture as it is of those in industry has often been demonstrated in the government's negotiations with France's Common Market partners. Thanks to the strong fight the President's ministers have repeatedly put up at Brussels, the big wheat producers around Chartres, the beetroot planters of the North, the dairy farmers of Normandy, the scientific fruit growers, and other relatively advanced rural categories are now in excellent shape. The extension of the Common Market to farm products seems to have assured their future.

To hundreds of thousands of technologically backward peasants, however, especially in Brittany and in the Center-West areas, the broadening of the Common Market has turned out to be a disaster. Dutch, Belgian, and sometimes even German poultry and pork are coming into France in huge volume at prices that undercut all but the most efficient domestic producers. Even the French cattle raisers, squeezed by the rise in grain prices, are in serious trouble.

The classic short-term remedy for the peasants' distress would be to raise the Common Market price-support levels for meat and poultry enough to give even the marginal producer some profit. This would require the agreement of the other Common Market governments, however, and because of its inflationary implications Debré has opposed such a policy.

The long-term cure is to help the backward peasant become more productive by establishing agricultural colleges, advisory stations, loans for modernizing equipment, and so on. France is surprisingly undeveloped in such respects, at least in relation to the other nations of Western Europe. In Holland, where the average milk production per cow per year is 9,189 pounds against 5,768 pounds here, there are sixty-seven students enrolled in agricultural or similar technical colleges for every 100,000 of the rural population; in France there are only twenty-three students per 100,000. Even Italy, which is agriculturally rather backward, has a better ratio. France has 564 farms for every rural extension agent of the Ministry of Agriculture; Holland has only 104.

Ferment on the Farm

The French government is taking some measures to raise the technological level of the French peasant, but deliberately is not doing all it could. The reason is not wholly budgetary. France simply has too many farmers trying to wrest a living from farms that are too small ever to be efficient. For French agriculture to become economically healthy, the figure of eighteen per cent of the active population now working on the land must drop to somewhere around the Dutch level of nine per cent. Where the soil is

relatively fertile, small individual holdings must be merged into larger ones; where it is poor, food production will have to be abandoned in favor of forestry or recreational areas to attract tourists. The exodus from the countryside is now well under way, at the rate of 130,000 to 160,000 a year. The government is confident that economic expansion will produce jobs in the city for all these refugees from the land, even those with no urban or industrial skills, and it would even like to see the rate accelerated.

No doubt many young men and women from peasant families yearn for city lights. But for at least as many others the losing fight to keep going as independent producers on their own bit of land is a bitter tragedy, reminiscent of those which America witnessed during the depression years. And because it has so far failed to manifest sufficient compassion in the face of this tragedy, de Gaulle's government is now beginning to harvest the grapes of wrath. Fortunately for the Gaullists, however, the forces of discontent are relatively small, localized, and divided.

For example, an attempt at the beginning of October on the part of the most representative farm organizations to put some pressure on the government by staging mass demonstrations throughout the country backfired when Communist-front groups and other extremist elements in Brittany turned the demonstrations in two towns into what were virtually local insurrections, resulting in more than three hundred wounded. The conservative leadership of the farm movement was so alarmed at the left-wing threat to its political influence and to the economic interests of its wealthy supporters that it boycotted the new protest demonstrations called by the extremists for October 12. Except for some scattered acts of sabotage in the West and Center-West, the protest fizzled out for the moment.

GAULLIST power seems secure as far ahead as one can see, not only in Parliament but in the nation. New peasant outbreaks can only serve to widen the divisions within the farm movement. A wave of major strikes would probably produce the same effects within the labor movement. The Gaullist régime seems solidly planted in France because it is based on the support of most of the elements in the country, urban or rural, working-class or middle-class, that are moving ahead within a generally expanding economy. Its long-term or potential vulnerability—apart from the danger that the economy may not continue to progress fast enough—is the accumulating rancor of all those social or economic minorities who in one way or another are the victims of progress. It is on these sacrificial minorities that the French Communists, who are less and less identified with the industrial vanguard of the French working class and are more and more the demagogic voice of peasant and petit-bourgeois alienation within a modernizing society, now base their chief hopes for a revolutionary tomorrow.

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Can the Southern Negro Exodus Be Stemmed?

PAUL CLANCY

KINGSTREE, SOUTH CAROLINA

THE SOUTH is experiencing the most explosive economic growth of any area in the nation. South Carolina alone took in more than a billion dollars in new and expanded industry during the past two years. But, according to a report called "The Advancing South: Manpower Prospects and Problems" which has just been released by the Twentieth Century Fund, the Southern Negro has little chance of sharing in the prosperity as long as he remains poorly educated, lacking in industrial experience, and the victim of discrimination. By 1975, Negro unemployment may still be more than double that of Southern whites.

During the last decade, more than a million Negroes in the South abandoned their homes and migrated by car, bus, and train to what they thought was a promised land: the cities of the North and West. Many of them were illiterate, and most of them were unskilled and unprepared for the violence and loneliness of life in the city. South Carolina contributed its share. More than twenty per cent of its Negro population took a chance on getting a better break, even in the city slums.

The Human Approach

Williamsburg County, the poorest in South Carolina and one of the poorest in the nation, lost 14,636 Negroes between 1950 and 1960, more than half its Negro population. They left for Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Rochester, and a dozen other cities with the hope of finding work or at least better conditions for their children. They left a rural setting where the average Negro family earned $916 a year, where 90.9 per cent had family incomes of less than $3,000, where the average dependent child received $21.43 a month for his welfare. The majority were sharecroppers, forced off the land by machines that can do the job faster and more cheaply and by acreage controls that benefited the farmowner but not the sharecropper.

Williamsburg, once a land of sprawling wealthy cotton plantations, lies neglected in the center of South Carolina's wide coastal plain, some seventy miles southeast of Columbia, the state capital. Its chief product is tobacco, a tightly controlled crop that brings good profits for the big landowner who happens to have a large allotment. Its leaders believe that the Negro is lazy, and they feel little responsibility for his decision to leave. The county achieved brief national attention earlier this year when those same leaders refused to put up the administrative costs of the Federal food-stamp program and the poor raised the money among themselves. It made the news again in September, when Governor George Romney of Michigan came to investigate what causes Negroes to migrate to the slums of the North. Local politicians bristled at the implication that they were indirectly responsible for Northern urban uprisings. "We treat our niggers as human beings, not machines," State Senator LaNue Floyd said. "Romney'd better straighten out his troubles in Detroit before coming down here and telling us what to do."

Floyd was elected in 1966 after defeating a Negro funeral-home director, Virgil Dimery, in the Democratic primary. (No Negro has been elected to the General Assembly since Reconstruction.) As might be expected, there was a total polarization of votes, with whites, even though they make up only a third of the population, still able to outvote the Negroes. But it was the first serious challenge. Four years ago there were a mere 250 Negroes registered in the county; today there are about six thousand.

Although whites did not plan it that way, the Negro migration gives them a political advantage because the vast majority of those who leave are just approaching voting age. Dimery, who is registration chairman of the Williamsburg County Voters' League, estimates that only ten thousand of the 27,000 Negroes left in the county are old enough to vote. He believes that more than ninety per cent of the Negro high-school graduates leave the county for good.

THE FAMILY of Leroy Davis offers a good example. Davis owns a grocery-filling station in Hemingway, on the northeast edge of the county. He raised seven children and was able to send each one at least part of the way through college. But when the time came for them to find jobs, there were none. One by one, Davis's four sons and three daughters packed up and left for New York. "I would rather for them to have stayed, but there wasn't anything I could do for them here," he told me.

At the other edge of the county, in Greeleyville, Jeanette Henryhand, a young girl who finished fourth in her high-school class, is still looking for a job. She spent a summer working in a garment factory in New York City, where her older brother and sister live. But "Things are better here. If I find something to do, I prefer staying." She applied for a job at a small garment factory near Kingstree, the county seat, but so far has had no success. Most of her friends are gone. Out of a graduating class of fifty-two, she said, only four have stayed. All four have been unable to find steady jobs.

There are few alternatives to flight from the blighted areas of the South. "Toughing it out," as one Negro farmer put it, "requires a lot of land and not many mouths to feed." Learning a trade or getting a college education doesn't help much here because there simply aren't enough jobs.

A group of young Negroes can be found most days of the week lolling about in front of the county courthouse in Kingstree. One youth, a graduate of all-Negro Tomlinson High last June, had been able to find work picking tobacco, "a real drag," at a dollar an hour. Now the leaf season is over and there is no

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more work for him. He wants to attend college next year but would need nearly $1,000—more than he could save in many years. Negro leaders claim that local banks are reluctant to provide Federally guaranteed loans for Negroes to attend college. He has been able to save only $30, about enough for a one-way bus ticket to Rochester. He is going.

Greener Pastures

There are many state policies in the South that tend to drive Negroes away in large numbers. Williamsburg's unwillingness to take part in the food-stamp program is indicative of an attitude toward "handout" programs that is region-wide. Local leaders want to drop the program because, they feel, it removes the incentive to work. They blame the stamp program for the inability of the farmer to get in his tobacco and of the white family to obtain $3-a-day domestic help. South Carolina is the only state in the Southeast with no commodity-distribution program, and food stamps are used in only thirteen of forty-six counties. However, Governor Robert E. McNair announced in mid-October that a state-wide food-stamp program is being considered.

Most states in the region regularly forgo millions of Federal welfare dollars for Aid to Dependent Children by refusing to put up sufficient state funds. South Carolina pays in the neighborhood of $20 a month for each dependent child, up to a maximum of $99 for a family. Mississippi pays under $10 a month for each child. It is no wonder that New York's over $50 per child acts like a magnet for the desperate rural mother with several children to care for.

Most white leaders say that Williamsburg County has "excellent race relations," although the two races have rarely sat down and talked out their problems. Negroes complain that they are still victims of a dual standard of justice. But if relations are better, said E. I. Lawrence, a farmer, it is because the Negroes have begun asserting themselves.

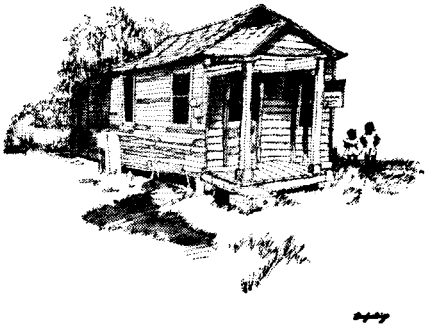
Lawrence, fifty-six, said he taught school for twenty years but, because he was outspoken and a member of the NAACP, he was blackballed by the county board of education. He went back to farming with his father and became president of the Voters' League. His father, E. W. Lawrence, is about eighty years old, the son of a slave; he has been able to hold onto 415 acres of land, the largest Negro landholding in the county.

"You can sum it up," the son told me, "by saying there's not enough net income on the farm to maintain a sizable family. So when a man reaches adult age, he usually tries to find greener pastures. I was an only son and I was able to stick it out. But because I stayed and realized we were not getting our share of the better jobs, I started fighting. Everywhere where we were receiving injustice, especially since Kennedy and Johnson had given us something to fight with, we started pushing and pulling. Everything we got we had to fight for. When we first started to register, we were not even able to go in the courthouse. They just didn't think Negroes had the right to be in there."

The father told me: "The sharecropper today is always in debt. He is just existing. I get to thinking that in my way back yonder we made a better living of it. You can't live like we used to, on twelve or fifteen cents a day. Our standard of living was not so high. Back then a man starved but he lived. Now his mind is not set on perishing. His mind is up and he's down, trying to stay up with the rest of the world."

"What are our needs?" the son asked. "Jobs and better schools. If we have those, I think we will make it."

In 1954, the year the Supreme Court ruled that separate-but-equal schools were unconstitutional, 1,959 Negro children entered the first grade in the segregated schools in Williamsburg County; twelve years later, only 485 of them finished high school (twenty-five per cent, compared with sixty-one per cent for their white counterparts). Many of them never got past the fifth grade. It has been estimated that about sixty-six per cent of the adult Negro population in the county are functional illiterates (those with five years of school or less).



Many Negro children in Williamsburg never go to school at all since they are not forced to by law. (A bill passed by the 1967 General Assembly will require school attendance by 1974.) Hundreds of them stay home to take care of their younger brothers and sisters so their mothers can work. By the age of ten or twelve, the children begin working on the farm.

Williamsburg County, like most Southern school districts where Negroes constitute a majority of the student enrollment, has experienced a minimum of desegregation and a minimum of pressure from Washington. While seventy-one per cent of the enrollment is Negro, only three per cent are attending desegregated schools. There is not a single Negro on the county board of education or any of the six area trustee boards, so the majority racial group in the county has virtually no voice in determining the educational policies that affect its children.

Like most of the rural areas of the state, Williamsburg is caught in the transition between an agricultural and an industrial age. But the departure of one does not guarantee the arrival of the other. Although South Carolina shares the South's economic boom, industry has been slow to reach rural counties despite the availability of cheap labor, the right-to-work law, and tempting tax advantages. "The most important job," state technical education director Wade Martin said at recent budget hearings, "is to convince industry of the advantages of rural work attitudes, rather than low wages." Once trained, rural workers in the South have been shown to "outperform" workers in

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By Fernando Krahn

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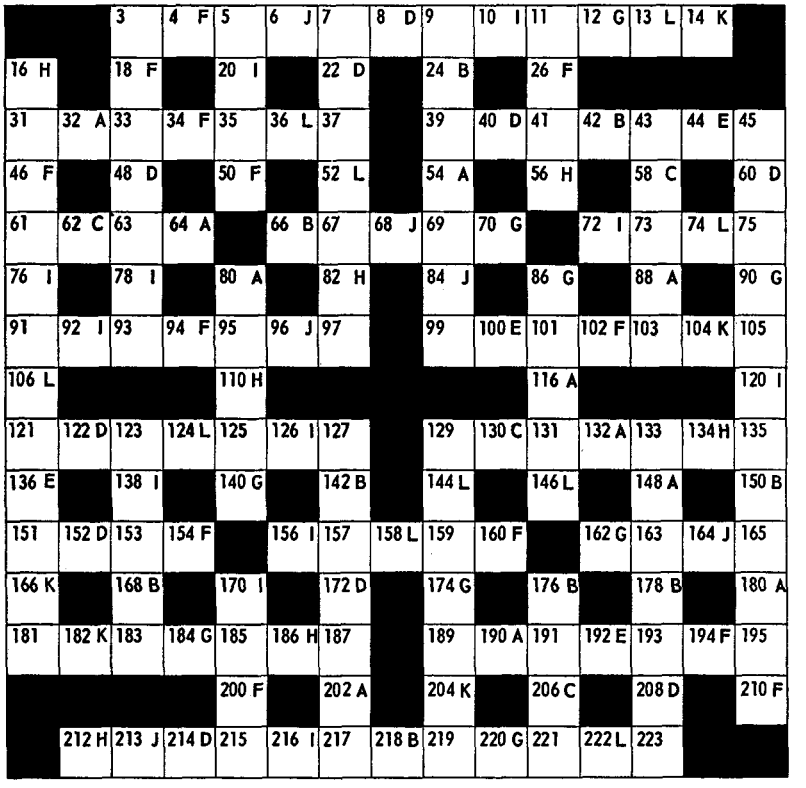
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 178

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
88 80 202 180 132 190 32 64 116

148 54 The Acrostician has had a distinguished_____(5,6).

B
24 66 42 168 218 178 142 150 176
One of the requirements for a skirt to save material during World War II (6,3).

C
130 58 206 62 "The harp that once through_____'s halls..." Thomas Moore, "The Harp That Once."

D
40 8 48 152 22 208 60 172 122 214
A story by Poe or Hoffmann, for example (6,4).

E
44 136 192 100 "To be_____in doubt / Is_____to be resolved." Shakespeare, "Othello" (same word twice).

F
154 46 18 210 160 50 94 4 194 34

26 102 200 What makes a shot hurt sometimes (6,3,4).

G
140 70 174 220 90 86 184 162 12
Reply of a slave or serf (3,6).

H
212 82 16 110 134 56 186 Depression near El Alamein.

I
10 120 170 20 156 92 138 76 216

126 72 78 According to Lewis Carroll, one of the subjects taught in the school of the sea.

J
96 164 84 68 213 6 The earliest aviator.

K
166 104 204 14 182 A slip knot.

L
158 13 144 52 222 36 124 106 74

146 Immaculately clean (5,1,4).

ACROSS

3. Shoves our red appetizers (4,8).
31. Underlying clay or a severe, unfavorable review?
39. Kind of bottle that's her most precious possession.
61. Tress found in an Ohama irrigation system.
66. Eager concert.
72. Scent of a broken door.
91. Queue Porky needs.
99. An atlas that's mostly lemon.
121. A lie cast where it may be stretched.
129. To be let near forever.
151. Metal that's mixed black in France.
156. Last in the elfin alliance.
162. Huntley may engrave copper.
181. There's a tinge, a herb, and a color.
189. With a coy coil, it's fit summer drinking temperature (3,4).
212. Ask the Gospeler with punctuation (8,4).

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DOWN

3. Kind of fish that may be red to confuse.
5. A mature empire without me.
7. An Irish county may be a glad one.
9. A plea to enter at the door.
11. Ever swing around clockwise?
16. A vehicle for the Acrostician (3,9).
43. A palindromic wife.
45. A death grip that leaves one breathless (8,4).
80. How a woman may act when she's feeling kittenish?
86. Steel yourself for this kind of weather.
123. A seed or what may be on one's toes?
127. I chant, I do, over such a beverage.
129. I save no specific thing, but it's a sidestep.
133. "Anything decupated or reticulated with interstices between the intersections." Definition by Dr. Johnson.
170. The goals of the cup which may slip.
176. Another girl who is not Mary.

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Doctor Hoxeng, President of Inter-American University, chats with students on campus at San Germán.

University students in today's Puerto Rico hear their president's bold new plans

THE PRESIDENT OF Puerto Rico's Inter-American University is Doctor Raymond B. Hoxeng—one of the research associates on the Manhattan Project that developed the atomic bomb.

Among his plans for his expanding university: a 230,000-volume library to be built *across a ravine.*

Bold schemes like this are typical of the way the Island's universities are facing their main challenge: how to keep pace with Puerto Rico's alert, eager youth.

Each year, more and more young Puerto Ricans are training as scientists and technicians for the modern industries being set up on the Island.

Each year, more and more *overseas* students are welcomed to this sunny Commonwealth in its unofficial role as "showcase to the new nations."

Although education remains one of Puerto Rico's greatest challenges, the Commonwealth Government is tackling the many problems with vigor. It now spends over one third of its budget on education.

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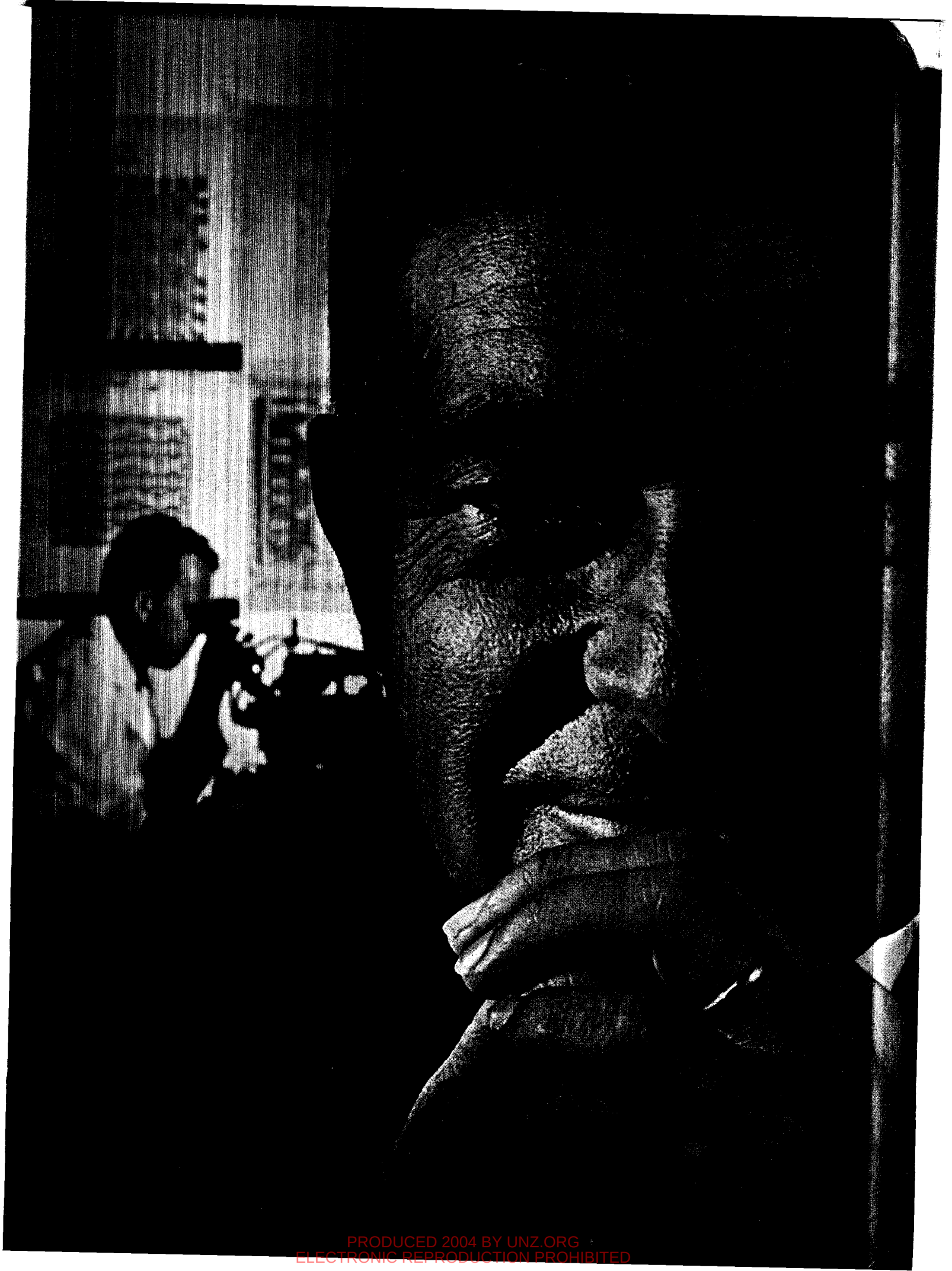

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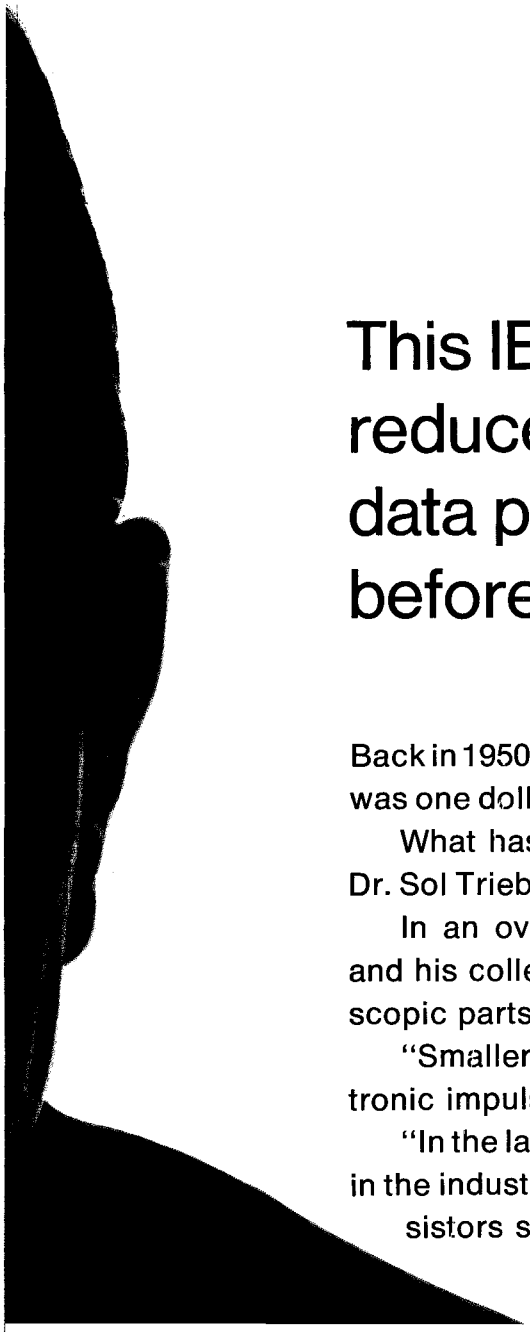

This IBM physicist is working to reduce the cost of data processing even more—before some other company does.

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In an oven and camera-filled laboratory, physicist Triebwasser and his colleagues are developing new methods to make the microscopic parts inside a computer *even smaller.*

"Smaller parts mean faster computer speeds because the electronic impulses travel a shorter distance—more work in less time.

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"And we must find ways to make data processing even more economical. In today's competitive world, we can't afford not to."

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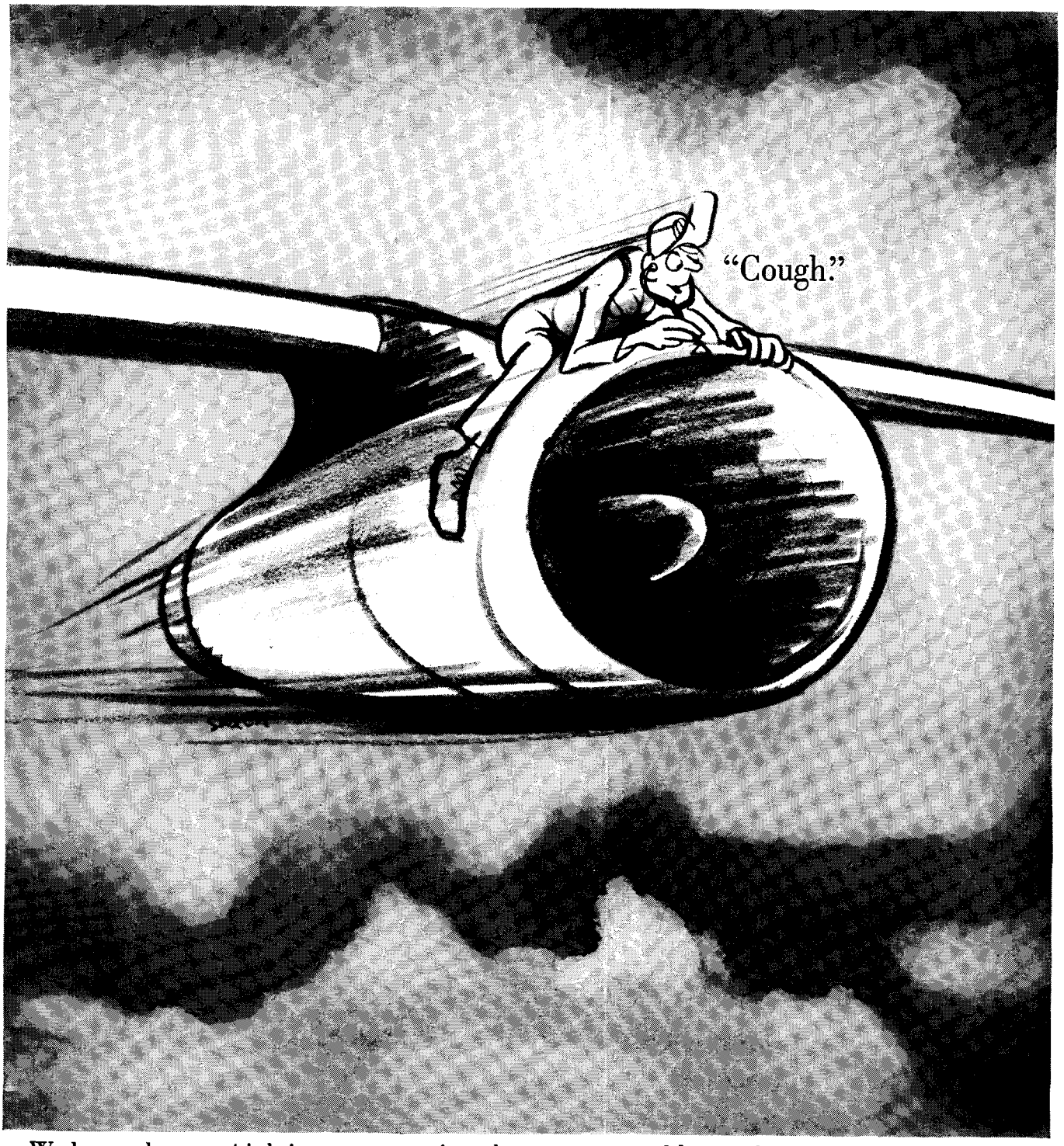

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This new system is a hook-up of electronic monitoring instruments.

And it records functions of an engine that no one could ever "see" before.

Which means we will be able to spot a part that is likely to act up, long before it becomes a problem.

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It will be pretty much the same as getting an electrocardiogram every day.

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other parts of the country by as much as thirty-five per cent, Martin said.

What's Being Done?

There are hundreds of Federal programs aimed at rural development, many designed to keep people on the farms long enough for industrial development to bring job opportunities. The Farmers Home Administration loaned almost a million dollars to Williamsburg farmers last year and provided homebuilders' loans to 475 families at low interest rates. The Economic Development Administration tries to gear its programs toward industrial development in areas of unemployment and high migration rates. The Small Business Administration sank $14 million into small towns in the state last year for the development of job-producing industries. A notable example, highly praised by Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman on a recent trip to Columbia, is the Congaree Iron and Steel Company. Founded nine years ago with SBA loans, the firm employs four hundred persons, eighty per cent of them Negro.

Project T-Square (Training for Tomorrow) is an experimental South Carolina program sponsored by OEW, HEW, and the Department of Labor that actually goes out and recruits the hard-core unemployed, provides them with up to an eighth-grade education, and equips them with a trade. The job skills are based on the greatest needs of the community and the communities chosen are the poorest in each area. The related labor Mobility Demonstration Project, under the Manpower Development and Training Act, moves rural families to industrial growth centers. The T-Square program represents an effort at co-ordination between state agencies: employment security, education, health, anti-poverty, welfare, vocational rehabilitation; all are combining to put the jobless back on their feet. Begun in May, the program is expected to reach 22,500 persons by the end of its second year. Of three centers opened so far, the nearest to Williamsburg is forty miles away and will take only thirty-three students this year.

A group of Williamsburg Negro farmers has banded together with

farmers in two other counties to form a vegetable-marketing co-operative that will handle the produce of at least five hundred low-income farmers. They are working closely with the State Development Board to attract a vegetable-processing plant. If things go their way, it will mean an economic breakthrough for the Negro farmer who now subsists on less than $100 a month.

The most important long-range planning will perhaps come out of the new Coastal Plains Regional Commission, which will concentrate on the economic uplift of 156 counties in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. This Appalachia-type project, funded by the Department of Commerce, will direct Federal dollars at the development of local potential, but it is still in the planning stage.

How MUCH these programs can do to counteract the great surge of rural families to the cities remains to be seen. Meanwhile, generations of Negroes have torn up their roots from the Southern soil and gone to the crowded and cold urban centers. Some who have the qualifications and the right contacts can find a new life in the city, but others find only frustration in their inability to break employment barriers and rigid housing patterns. According to a report released in June by the Brandeis University Center for the Study of Violence, "A high proportion of Southern Negroes living in the ghetto increases the possibility that a city will have a riot," especially where the Negro has been rejected and broken by the city.

The Negro in the South has endured unbelievable hardship, much of it a reflection of the general poverty of the region. But prosperity has begun arriving and, with it, a wealth of new attitudes and ideas such as "creative federalism" and special attention to Negro colleges. These attitudes may be slow in filtering down to the rural Negro family, but there is every indication that they will. Although the exodus continues at a rapid rate, there are signs that it is beginning to level off. Stopping it will take a major effort by the South and by the Federal government to provide jobs, education, and decent homes for the rural Negro.

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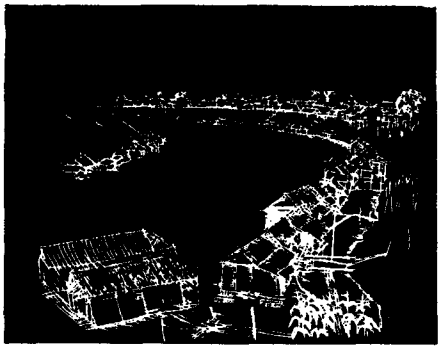

Lee Kuan Yew's Fight for Survival

DENIS WARNER

SINGAPORE

YEARS AGO I had a Thai friend who used to recommend that all newcomers to Southeast Asia go first to the temples of Angkor Wat. "If you sit quietly in Angkor by moonlight you will hear the angels sing," he used to say. With or without angels, the message of Angkor once learned was not easily forgotten. To know the past glories was to learn to discount present problems and to see new hope for the future.

Today, I would adapt his advice and suggest that if anyone wants to know what the Vietnam War means to Southeast Asia, he should start his inquiries not in Saigon but in Singapore. The political frustrations, the heartbreak of pacification, the savagery of the war south of the Demilitarized Zone, all obscure the real hope and meaning in the war: the chance that it has given Southeast Asia to create societies which, in the words of Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, will be "accepted by the Communists as being there for all time and impervious to subversion or invasion."

In no other part of Southeast Asia is this aspect of the war more in evidence than it is now in the city-state of Singapore. With a population of nearly two million already overcrowding an island of only 224 square miles and lacking in all natural resources, including fresh water, Singapore has nothing going for it except the qualities of its leadership, the energy and skill of its people, and its geographical location as the buoy on the southeastern tip of continental Asia.

Singapore is a young nation looking for a chance and determined to use to the best possible advantage the time won by the Vietnam War. It is also a young nation that has had the rug snatched from under its feet by the British decision to withdraw its forces from East of Suez and to abandon entirely by the mid-1970's the military bases on Singapore, which not only contribute greatly to regional security but also provide a substantial part of the wherewithal on which Singapore's internal security depends.

Borrowed Time

To say that the British declaration of intention has upset the military balance in the southern tier of Southeast Asia is an understatement. The announcement of the withdrawal and the timing of the program provide advance information of the most dangerous nature. Allies could have been warned privately of secret intentions. Instead, potential enemies have been tipped off publicly, gratuitously, and years in advance. Whatever the situation in Southeast Asia, Britain plans "to withdraw altogether from our bases in Singapore and Malaysia in the middle 1970's." Although there are references in its White Paper to plans "to maintain a military capability for use, if required, in the area, even when we no longer have forces permanently based there," it is difficult to have any illusions about the British presence in the future.

Nevertheless, the British decision has produced a new awareness of common needs and common dangers in and beyond the area. It has brought into sharp regional focus the importance of the American effort in Vietnam and, perhaps even more importantly, the need for vigorous domestic action to put other houses in order. "Nothing would be more disastrous [for the rest of Southeast Asia] than to see South Vietnam just erode away and become absorbed into a Communist group," Lee Kuan Yew told me. "It would telescope the time left to the rest of us. If people start believing that non-Communist Asia will be lost eventually to Communist Asia, then everybody will make his adjustment accordingly."

One qualification that he makes, however, is that the U.S. intervention in Vietnam is meaningful in the long run only if the borrowed time enables viable nation-states to develop. "If you get that kind of situation emerging and we all gear in with each other, we may get something akin to what has happened in Western Europe with the Marshall Plan. Finally, you got there a Western Europe that was so independent, as represented by de Gaulle, that it could do without the Americans. While we can't hope at this stage to create that kind of non-Communist Asia, that must be the direction in which we have to go."

THIS is the new Lee Kuan Yew, one of the most impressive of Southeast Asian leaders. Today, at forty-four, he is far from being simply the maverick leader of a tropical island. His international stature is growing fast. While the British were

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in the throes of working out their new East of Suez policy, Lee and Harold Holt, the Australian Prime Minister, co-ordinated their policies in a series of letters. Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara brought heavy pressure to bear on George Brown, the British Foreign Secretary, and on Denis Healey, the Defense Minister, to stay put while the Vietnam War continued, or at least not to make their plans public. They went to the point beyond which allies do not normally go, including hints about future backing for sterling, and they were supported strongly, if in different ways, by Holt. In the final analysis, however, Lee was the most successful of all. Because of his pressure in London, the British supplementary statement on defense policy, published in July, fuzzed the final withdrawal plans and left the door slightly ajar for further efforts to keep British participation for a substantially longer period than London hopes for or expects.

Having put his foot in the door, Lee intends to keep it there. He is reconciled to the British abandonment of the bases. He believes, however, that even after that, Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, and Malaysia must try to retain some British contribution to collective defense, perhaps through a collective Commonwealth effort. He does not envisage or want any direct American involvement. In his view, a U.S. military presence in the southern tier of Southeast Asia might be sufficient to encourage Peking and the Malayan Communist Party, which has been preparing another insurgency from its base areas in southern Thailand, to launch a new campaign that would engage the U.S. forces on a second front. And if the Communists were ever to get a military foothold in Malaya again, it would be only a matter of time before Singapore erupted.

As a substitute for direct U.S. involvement and land-based British support, Lee would welcome a greater participation by Australia and New Zealand, which are linked with the United States through ANZUS and SEATO. If the Australian and New Zealand infantry battalions in Malaya are only tokens, they are at least a reminder to the Malayan Communist Party that neither Kuala Lumpur nor Singapore stands alone. Something substantially more than these two battalions will be required, however, merely to maintain essential base facilities on a caretaker basis. Lee is less concerned with the naval-base problem than he is with retaining at least two of the main military airfields, one at Tengah on Singapore and the other at Butterworth in northwestern Malaya. Tengah, which is suitable for the F-111s with which the Australian Air Force will be equipped, is the best non-U.S. airbase in Asia. Butterworth, an advance base, is being used by both the Malaysian and Australian Air Forces. For the naval base, the Singapore government has at least a partial answer to the problem. It plans to convert it into a commercial dockyard, while letting the other facilities run down gradually until the final British withdrawal.

A Test of Patience and Will

A problem of a different order is the attitude of Indonesia, which has not abandoned all of its phobias about foreign bases even though it has thrown out Sukarnoism. While Djakarta is as concerned as Singapore and Kuala Lumpur with defense needs, it favors a collective-security arrangement based primarily on ASEAN, the new Association of South East Asian Nations, which consists of Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, and the Philippines. Indonesia's neighbors are much less eager to see ASEAN assume a defense role so quickly. Not all the doubts about Indonesia's long-range intentions have been dispelled in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur. "Confrontation" is still too fresh in too many minds. One proposition is that there should be an inner and an outer circle of defense arrangements, the first based on the regional members of the Commonwealth, including Australia and New Zealand and the residual British presence, and the second embracing these powers and Indonesia, Thailand, Burma, and the Philippines. This would be underpinned, if only inferentially, through existing alliances by the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

In any event, the period of initial shock following the British decision has passed, and the current defense consultations between Australia and New Zealand, like Lee's visits to London and Washington in October, are part of the background that one day will produce a new defense formula for the southern tier of Southeast Asia.

Lee did not go to Washington with hat in hand for aid. "I just want to find out the kind of situation I'll be faced with in the middle 1970's," he said before leaving Singapore. "I want to do a little weather forecasting for myself. I'm in the same weather belt."

Vietnam is the storm center of Lee's weather belt, and one of his concerns is whether the United States, in an election year and after, will still be holding on. "My experience with the Communists," he said, "is that often when one engages them in a contest it is a contest in which he who has the strongest will and the most infinite patience must triumph. They have great patience and will."

These are characteristics that Lee himself will need in full if Singapore is to survive both the internal and external stresses that lie ahead. If there have been times in the past when Lee's impetuosity, rashness, and excessive ambition seemed to negate his intellectual and political brilliance and he seemed too often a debater and too rarely a diplomat, the superbly run Singapore government is a tribute to his skill and his now evident sense of responsibility.

Singapore, a primary target for Chinese Communist subversion in the 1950's, won self-government from Britain in 1959. Lee's People's Action Party rode into power on the crest of what seemed to be a Communist wave. During the next four years. however, under Lee's dynamic leadership, Singapore cornered and confined the Communists, confounded its critics, and persuaded Tengku Abdul Rahman of Malaya to give it access to wider markets and opportunities as a full-fledged member state of the Federation of Malaysia.

This marriage of convenience in 1963 ended, in 1965, in an acrimonious divorce. Cut off from its

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trade with Indonesia by Sukarno's Confrontation, Singapore found itself fully sovereign and independent, a largely Chinese island in a by no means friendly Malay sea. The markets in the Malayan hinterland to which Singapore, as a member of the Federation, briefly had had access were now on alien soil. Concessions were granted no longer, and Malaysia set out to develop its own industries and to handle its own trade, bypassing the Singapore entrepôt. In June of this year, immigration controls went into effect at the Johore causeway that links Singapore with Malaya.

By planning carefully and by pursuing vigorous policies, Singapore got by. With Confrontation over, the port, usually ranked as the fifth busiest in the world, is more crowded than I have ever seen it. Traders on the waterfront claim that it has crept into fourth place, and they may be right. Ocean liners and tankers lie side by side with coastal traders and the whole range of craft that comes from the Indonesian Archipelago—rusted and weathered tramps, Bugis traders with high sterns and eyes on their bows, and an infinite variety of auxiliary-powered luggers. Imports and exports have increased substantially in the past year. Manufactures and the export of manufactured products have grown by eighteen per cent, and foreign-exchange reserves are up by twelve per cent to a healthy $391 million.

By offering tax holidays, factory sites, tariff protection, and the cleanest and most effective government in Southeast Asia, Lee sought to persuade foreign industrialists to set up shop, again with only limited success. But offshore purchases for the Vietnam War provided one bonus, and Hong Kong's troubles precipitated another in the form of a large flow of hot money. A Singapore riot could quickly send it on its way again; but Lee, though he does not expect that Peking will force the issue in Hong Kong, is hopeful that manufacturers there will seek to backstop their enterprises with factories in Singapore.

An emergency program of family planning helped to cut the birthrate from about four per cent to three per cent last year, but the effect of this will be long-term rather than immediate. Lee's goal is to reduce the rate to 1.8 per cent, which would ultimately stabilize the population, and to achieve this he is prepared to legalize abortion. Although the gross national product has risen by between six and nine per cent a year since 1959, all the government's efforts have failed to produce enough jobs for the thousands of schoolchildren thrown on the labor market each year. Unemployment is between twelve per cent and fourteen per cent of the labor force, and growing.

Struggling to Exist

On top of all this, the British withdrawal is a major blow. The British bases have been bringing in twenty per cent of Singapore's national income and providing direct employment for forty thousand workers and a livelihood for nearly a fifth of the population. The economic repercussions can scarcely be exaggerated and will be grist to the mill for the Communists and their political front, the Barisan Sosialis Party. Preferring to conduct their activities by extra-parliamentary methods, front members have resigned from the Assembly, leaving the People's Action Party without opposition there. At the annual meeting of the Barisan in

March, Lim Chin-siong, a professional Communist agitator who is under detention for his activities, was re-elected secretary-general. Resolutions adopted at the meeting left no doubt about the party's Peking orientation or its intentions. They condemned "Soviet-American collaboration" and decided to initiate an active mass struggle. With a ready-made reserve of youths well schooled in rioting, the Barisan has since been skirmishing on the streets in an effort to undermine confidence in the government.

Well aware that this is a struggle for its existence, the government has not hesitated to suspend democratic procedures. It has learned by experience that good government is not enough by itself; it also needs a good Special Branch, a British euphemism for secret police. It has penetrated most of the front organizations and has arrested and detained their leaders whenever the situation threatened to get out of hand. However, the top leadership has consistently eluded the government. Some of the two dozen leaders who really matter live in Johore, the southernmost state in Malaya; others operate from the Rhio Archipelago, a group of Indonesian islands just beyond Singapore's territorial waters.

Setting out to create a Singaporean Army, the government brought in a group of Israeli instructors (who, for diplomatic reasons in this sensitive Muslim area, are usually referred to as Mexicans). To preserve the religious balance, Lee called on a Jesuit priest to prepare the code of conduct for the armed forces. It spells out in explicit terms the high standards that the new army demands.

Whether in the armed forces or in the civilian branches of government, the emphasis is constantly on service. "The tempering of steel is a lengthy business and men of steel you must be," Dr. Goh Keng Swee, then Minister of Defense, told students when he opened the Artillery School and the Armed Forces Training Institute in August. He meant what he said. Even civil servants are required to undergo military training and to lead private lives free from any hint of scandal or corruption.

"This place will survive only if it has got the will to make the grade," Lee says. "It's got nothing else but will and work. If it hasn't got that, then finish."

Too many factors beyond Singapore's control will influence what happens here to venture any prediction. But if the war in Vietnam is being fought to give a chance to those who are willing to fight for their own future, then there is no doubt that Singapore deserves to survive and flourish.

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Okinawa's Future And Far-East Security

MARTIN E. WEINSTEIN

TOKYO

ON NOVEMBER 14 and 15, Premier Eisaku Sato of Japan and President Johnson will meet in Washington to discuss and perhaps settle the future of the Ryukyus and the Bonins, strategically situated islands of coral reef or volcanic rock in the Western Pacific that the United States captured in the spring and summer of 1945 after the most bitter fighting of the Pacific War.

By 1951, when the San Francisco Peace Treaty with Japan and the U.S.-Japanese Security Treaty were signed, the islands had acquired a new importance. The Communist victory in China in 1949, the formation of the Sino-Soviet military pact in 1950, and the invasion of South Korea had led the United States to begin building a network of counteralliances in the Far East and a line of military bases extending from Japan and South Korea, through the Ryukyu Islands and Taiwan, to the Philippines and the Indo-China peninsula. As American officials are fond of repeating, the center of this sweeping arc—approximately 950 miles from Tokyo, eight hundred from Seoul, four hundred from Taipei, nine hundred from Manila, and 1,800 from Saigon—is Okinawa, the largest of the Ryukyus.

Since their bombed-out economy and their unique peace constitution rendered the Japanese incapable of taking an active role in the defense of the Far East, an arrangement was made under Article 3 of the peace treaty giving the United States complete administrative control over the Ryukyus and Bonins, with Japan retaining residual sovereignty. Under this arrangement the United States has built a multibillion-dollar complex of military bases and storage depots on Okinawa and naval and communications bases of comparatively minor importance on the Bonins. Until now, both the U.S. and Japanese governments have interpreted residual sovereignty to mean that when the situation in Asia becomes stable enough and the United States no longer needs its bases, administrative rights will be returned to Japan. This prospect is too remote for many Japanese, and the reversion of Okinawa has been a potent issue for the opposition parties. The political pressure has forced Premier Sato to seek some satisfaction from Washington.

The Hollow Triumphs

Okinawa, after all, is nominally Japanese territory, inhabited by a million Japanese-speaking people who, though economically much better off under American administration, overwhelmingly favor reversion. As the Socialists (the strongest of the opposition parties) see it, the government is not only sacrificing their Okinawan brothers to curry favor with the United States but is also endangering the peace and security of Japan by permitting the Americans to use Okinawa as a base from which to wage war anywhere in Asia.

Since last winter, unofficial proposals have been made in both Japan and the United States suggesting that the United States might be able to relinquish its administrative rights and still keep the bases. Newspapers and television stations in Japan have seized on these proposals and have given them an unprecedented amount of coverage. Moreover, for the first time the publicity in Japan has found an echo in the United States.

The Japanese government had maintained all along that, while it was deeply concerned with the islands' return, international tensions made immediate reversion impossible. It has, indeed, been working on a step-by-step reversion policy, which bore fruit this year when Okinawan vessels and aircraft started displaying the Japanese flag and Okinawans traveling abroad were issued Japanese passports. Not long ago these measures would have been recognized as diplomatic triumphs, but the level of expectation in Japan has risen well beyond them.

Premier Sato has bent to the prevailing mood to the extent of promising to bring up the Okinawa issue in a "straightforward, positive manner" when he meets with the President. Now he finds himself in the uncomfortable position of having to make sense in Washington in November without losing face and political support at home.

AT FIRST GLANCE, the proposals for a return of administrative rights to Japan with retention of American military bases offer a logical, convenient solution for all concerned—the United States, Japan, and the Okinawans. On closer inspection, they pose a number of knotty political and strategic problems. To begin with, the United States reserved administrative control over these islands in order to have maximum freedom in equipping and deploying its forces. It can now furnish immediate conventional or nuclear military support to Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, South Vietnam, and its SEATO allies. If administrative control were returned to Japan, no matter how liberal a future Okinawa base agreement might be, the need to note Japan's interests and sensitivities would probably limit our ability to support our other Far Eastern allies.

Moreover, the realities of Japanese domestic politics make it unlikely that Premier Sato could make an agreement giving the United States even nominally free use of Japanese-administered Okinawan bases.

As a result of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, anti-nuclear feeling in Japan is so strong that the United States has not equipped any of its forces stationed there with nuclear weapons. Although atomic-powered submarines may make port calls, Japan is still off limits to Polaris missile submarines and nuclear-armed warships. These restrictions, however, have not applied to Okinawa. The 498th Tactical Missile Group on Okinawa is equipped with Mace-B nuclear missiles, and the F-105 Thunderchiefs of the 18th Tactical Fighter Wing can be armed with nuclear bombs stored on the island.

If Sato were willing to conclude

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a base agreement for Okinawa that would permit the Americans to keep these nuclear weapons on the island, he would probably stand a good chance of persuading Washington to agree to an early return of the administrative rights. But he would do so only at the risk of incurring the wrath of the Japanese voters, and perhaps of provoking another series of street demonstrations and riots comparable to those which swept Premier Kishi from office in 1960. With those events in mind, Premier Sato has consistently stated that his government will not permit nuclear weapons on Japanese soil.

In addition to the nuclear problem, there is the question of deployment of conventional forces. The Third Marine Corps, now fighting in Vietnam, has its headquarters at Camp Courtney, Okinawa, and maintains a large and well-equipped jungle and guerrilla training area on the rugged northern tip of the island. In recent months, sixty to seventy thousand military men a month have been passing through Okinawan transient barracks on their way to and from Vietnam. Finally, the KC-135 aerial tankers of the 4252nd Strategic Wing (SAC), stationed at Kadena Air Base, Okinawa, are refueling the Guam-based B-52s that fly missions over Vietnam. Although the Okinawa debate in Japan has barely touched on this problem, there is no doubt that the Japanese government would prefer not to have direct combat-support operations such as these on Japanese territory.

The Advantages of Reversion

In view of the great difficulties of devising an acceptable base agreement, it would seem sensible for the United States to leave arrangements as they are. But some less urgent but even more basic strategic considerations argue against standing pat. It is the four main Japanese islands, and not Okinawa, that are the real keystone of the Western Pacific. It would be foolish to endanger the Japanese alliance by failing to move now toward an amicable settlement on Okinawa.

The principal staging area for United States forces during the Korean War was Japan, and today Japanese supply and repair facilities are making a solid contribution to our forces in Vietnam. Japan is the best situated and most industrialized, populous, and politically stable ally we have in Asia. Because the relationship between the two countries since the Second World War has, with the exception of the riots of 1960, been lacking in the drama that makes headlines, there is an understandable but dangerous tendency in the United States to take Japanese support and co-operation for granted. It is dangerous, because if we do not move toward an amicable reversion agreement now, the issue may get out of control in Japan and we could find ourselves forced to withdraw our bases not only from Okinawa but from Japan as well. The task confronting President Johnson and Premier Sato at their November meeting, then, is to strike a balance between the immediate and obvious

strategic value of Okinawa and the longer-range, more basic value of the U.S.-Japanese alliance.

By offering to return the Bonin Islands as soon as possible, perhaps within a year, and by fixing a date for the reversion of Okinawa, President Johnson can demonstrate our good faith. The problem of Okinawa is more difficult but, with three or four years to work it out, not insoluble. The Mace-Bs can reach most targets on mainland China, but they are slow and low-flying and can be destroyed in flight by MIG-21s. The Polaris outperforms them in all ways, and when its deployment is completed, the Mace-Bs on Okinawa could be removed without seriously detracting from our deterrent. The Japanese government, for its part, might offer to open its ports to calls by Polaris missile submarines and nuclear-armed surface vessels. Such an arrangement would return a denuclearized Okinawa to Japan and at the same time would serve notice to Communist China that while Japan wishes to adhere to a peaceful non-nuclear policy, it does not intend to be left helpless.

If the nuclear issue is settled and a date is set for reversion, it is reasonable to expect that the Japanese government will prove co-operative on the use and deployment of the conventional forces on Okinawa. Okinawa's supporting role in Southeast Asia will decrease during the next few years, as the port facilities, airfields, supply depots, and training areas we are now building and expanding in South Vietnam, Thailand, and the Philippines come into full operation. But the Okinawa bases will remain vital, especially to the defense of South Korea and Taiwan. The Japanese government should offer assurances that they will continue to be available for immediate support to those countries, whose security is so closely linked to the security of Japan.

THE CASE for reversion rests on two points: the irrefutable contention that the Japanese partnership is ultimately more important to our security than the bases on Okinawa, and the unprovable assumption that the pressure in Japan for reversion will continue to mount and will eventually threaten both our relations with Japan and our presence on Okinawa. Moving toward a settlement now would be a preventive measure, intended to save the alliance from this potential danger and to preserve a diminished but still vital role for Okinawa. On the positive side, a prompt reversion agreement holds out the promise that an amicable settlement now will pay higher dividends by producing in Japan a willingness to assume a more responsible role in maintaining the security of the Far East.

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Gary's Next Mayor: White, Pink, or Black?

HAL HIGDON

GARY, INDIANA

THIS CITY sprang into existence at the base of Lake Michigan in 1906, when the United States Steel Corporation set up its huge mills here, sold company land to workers for homes, paved the streets, and built sewers. Settled by successive waves of European immigrants who came to work in the mills, Gary had a strong ethnic character. But since the Second World War newcomers have changed the mixture. Negroes from the South have flowed in; since 1960 the Negro proportion of the city's population has risen from thirty-nine per cent to at least fifty-five per cent.

Despite growing frictions, however, Negroes and whites have usually united at the polls to elect candidates backed by the Lake County Democratic machine; few Republicans are ever elected even to minor offices in Gary. The first sign that this coalition might be breaking apart on racial lines came in 1964, when George Wallace of Alabama, running for President in the Indiana primary, carried Lake County with solid support from white voters.

Now Gary is in the final days of a mayoralty campaign that is expected to separate the races further. The Democratic victor in the primary was a Negro whose strong independent streak has caused the Democratic machine to withhold its financial support and whose color has prompted many white Democrats to say that they will vote Republican for the first time. With Negro and white voter registration almost equal, the outcome cannot be predicted. Gary will either elect its first Negro mayor or its first Republican mayor since the 1930's.

Richard G. Hatcher, a Negro attorney who has been president of the city council since 1963, won the Democratic nomination on May 2. He defeated the machine's candidate, incumbent A. Martin Katz, who lost nearly half of the white votes to a third Democratic candidate running to spite the mayor. An analysis by the Gary *Post Tribune* showed that Hatcher received seventy per cent of the Negro vote but only a small fraction of ballots cast in white neighborhoods. For a couple of weeks after the primary, it appeared that the Democratic machine might support Hatcher, even though he had never been close to the party organization and had worked with it only when it suited his purposes. Then Lake County Democratic Chairman John G. Krupa withdrew his endorsement and began attacking Hatcher, casting aspersions on his patriotism, his qualifications, and his "left-wing friends."

The Price of Independence

Hatcher's drawback, as far as the machine is concerned, is not so much that he is a Negro but that he is not one of the machine's Negroes. He has pledged to clean up Gary's vice rackets, which have flourished under previous mayors. He has also made it clear that as mayor he would make his own appointments, not the machine's. The party's present appointees, afraid of losing their jobs, pressured the leadership to reject Hatcher. And the leaders, mindful of the backlash among white voters against Negro advances, apparently have decided that the machine can survive four years of Republican rule better than four years of Hatcher.

Each month, Gary city employees contribute a percentage of their salaries to a "flower fund," ostensibly to buy flowers for funerals but actually to fill the party's campaign chest. No party funds have been funneled to Hatcher. "I'd always get literature from the party and $200 to use in distributing it," one white precinct chairman told me. "This election there's not only no money but no literature."

To offset this loss, Hatcher has spent much time raising funds in places like South Bend, Chicago, and Washington, where Vice-President Humphrey was honorary chairman of a dinner for him. The national party, at least, is for Hatcher and would like to see him join the Negro mayors of Youngstown, Ohio, and Flint, Michigan, as a Democratic influence on Negro voters. He may obtain more money from these efforts (which included a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* asking for donations) than he would have locally, but he will have had to spend valuable time away from the local scene to get it.

The machine's opposition has hurt Hatcher particularly in the area of voter registration. John Krupa, who is Lake County Circuit Court clerk as well as party chairman, refused to provide extra registrars for the midtown area where most Negroes live. When Hatcher set up volunteer sidewalk registration tables, Krupa threatened jail sentences and fines for fraudulent registrations.

Getting more Negroes registered is vital to Hatcher. In the May primary, registered white voters (including Puerto Ricans) outnumbered Negroes 47,500 to 44,500. Since then, between eight and nine thousand new voters have been registered. No racial breakdown is available, but Krupa and Hatcher have exchanged charges of illegal registration of Negroes and whites respectively. Unlike Carl Stokes in Cleveland, who must concentrate on white voters to win, Hatcher is campaigning hard in just one prosperous middle-class white district, and has little hope elsewhere. But unlike Hatcher, Stokes has considerable local party backing.

KRUPA, a past commander in the American Legion, has hit at Hatcher on four counts: because of alleged left-wing friends, because he was once rejected for an assistant U.S. attorney's post, because he refuses to disavow black-power advocates H. Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael by name, and because the Black Muslim newspaper *Muhammad Speaks* once quoted Hatcher as saying that U.S. fliers downed

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over North Vietnam should be tried as war criminals. "I feel I'm standing shoulder to shoulder with the boys in Vietnam," Krupa has said. "They're fighting Communism there and I'm fighting it here."

Hatcher says that if the county chairman has any evidence that his supporters are subversive, he should reveal it. Without naming names, Krupa has pointed his finger at a group of Hatcher's advisers, the most prominent being Burton Wechsler, an attorney, civil-rights activist, and American Civil Liberties Union member. Krupa had never questioned Wechsler's loyalty in previous elections, when Wechsler supported Mayor Katz and Krupa himself. As for the U.S. attorney's job—for which Krupa himself nominated him—Hatcher has pointed out that he was only twenty-nine at the time and was but one of five Gary nominees passed over in favor of a man from outside the city.

Hatcher's reluctance to denounce Brown and Carmichael by name, although he is on record as opposed to violence of any sort, apparently is dictated by political expediency: why antagonize any Negro voters? He has denied making the statement about the captured fliers attributed to him by *Muhammad Speaks.*

The county chairman's attacks seem less likely to cost Hatcher votes than to provide a rationale for white people who wouldn't have voted for him anyway. They can tell themselves that they rejected him because he was "pink," not because he was black.

For the machine, however, the biggest issue may be Hatcher's reform promises. The first mayor of Gary was Thomas Knotts, elected in 1906. "He was arrested fourteen different times for corruption in office, so we didn't really get off to a very good start," Hatcher told me. Mayor George Chacaris went to jail in 1962 while still in office for failure to report on his income tax $226,686 in kickbacks from contractors doing city business. "To be in Gary in political office has always been a license to steal," an anti-machine councilman told me. He estimated that a crooked councilman can make $20,000 to $40,000 a year in graft.

Under Mayor Katz, as under his predecessors, prostitution and gambling have flourished. Largely because of Lake County, the state of Indiana ranks second only to Nevada, where gambling is legal, in gambling taxes paid to the Federal government. The rampant vice rackets in Gary, according to the Northwest Indiana Crime Commission, result from a combination of weak state laws and indifferent local administration.

A Civil-Rights Veteran

Hatcher, a thirty-four-year-old bachelor who doesn't drink or smoke, attended Indiana University, aided by a partial athletic scholarship for track, a job waiting on table, and contributions from his brothers and sisters. Then, while earning a law degree at Valparaiso University, he worked full time as a psychiatric aide at a state mental hospital. Even before graduation, Hatcher entered the political arena, but he lost the race for township justice of the peace.

In 1961 Hatcher was appointed a deputy county prosecutor. Meanwhile, he had become active in the civil-rights movement as a member of the NAACP. He participated as one of the attorneys in an unsuccessful lawsuit charging the Gary school system with *de facto* segregation. When Gary Negroes picketed Methodist Hospital because of its segregated room policies, Hatcher marched at the head of the line.

In 1963 he was elected to the city council. One of three Negro members, he was voted president by the nine-member council, a precedent for a freshman. He worked hard for an open-occupancy ordinance and finally pushed one through in 1965 after beating down several weakening amendments. This is the kind of change in Gary that has aroused the white ethnic neighborhoods, and Hatcher got most of the blame.

Early this year Hatcher decided that while Katz had a good civil-rights record, the machine was not going to do much for downtown Gary. There has been no public housing built since 1953, for example. Hatcher concluded that the way to get things done was to challenge Katz, even at the risk of angering the party hierarchy.

With the Democratic machine doing the hatchet work on Hatcher, his Republican opponent, Joseph B. Radigan, has not needed to mount a personal attack. The sharpest criticism emanating from the Radigan camp is that unlike Radigan, Hatcher is not a native of Gary (he was born twenty-five miles away in Michigan City) and has lived here only eight years. Radigan's strategy seems to be to smile warmly, say nothing, and be white. Radigan, a businessman, won the G.O.P. nomination simply by throwing his hat into the ring. He had never engaged in politics before he declared his candidacy this spring, also promising to fight the city's vice rackets and to end graft and corruption. In one early speech he said: "I honestly do not enjoy politics." He probably enjoyed it even less when, after the primary, he discovered that he would have to run not against Mayor Katz as the honest foe of the corrupt machine but against Richard Hatcher as the representative of the white race.

Rather than battling the machine, a time-honored though largely futile position for Republican candidates here, Radigan now finds the machine edging into his camp. Police Chief Conway C. ("Moon") Mullins, a machine appointee, has been seen wearing a Radigan button, and Radigan recently received a standing ovation when he appeared at a Democratic dinner as the guest of a party leader.

"I'M NOT AFTER black votes or white votes, but rather good old red-blooded American votes," Hatcher has said. His campaign buttons are gray and, in an obvious appeal for racial unity, they read: "Let's get ourselves together." Radigan, too, has refrained from any open appeal along racial lines, although his billboards carry an ambiguous and subliminally racial statement: "A new *heart* for Gary." Gary's heart, its midtown district, is all Negro.

To win, Hatcher needs to capture nearly all the Negro votes, plus a small percentage of white votes. And if Radigan is to be victorious, he must erect a solid wall of white Democratic voters who simply don't want a Negro as mayor. Either way, the resulting ill feeling could keep Gary split for years to come.

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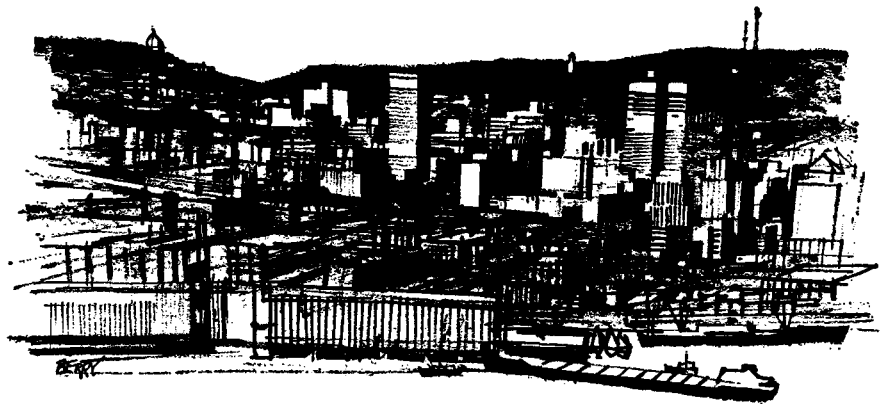

A Flaw in the Crust Of the Earth

ANNE TYLER

It took Peter some time to notice that anything was wrong. He came into his apartment at about midnight, whistling and loosening his tie, not *looking* for anything to be wrong, naturally, and it wasn't until he reached over to turn on the radio that he started wondering. The radio was gone. On the table where it had been there was only a dustless rectangle, and set in the middle of it was the white extension cord neatly coiled up. "What?" Peter said. He spun on his heels, looking to see where in this room a radio could have moved all by itself, and what hit his eyes next was the brick-and-board bookcase, bare although there should have been a portable record player there. He traveled on through the apartment—a long, dark room with curling wallpaper, and at one end a tiny kitchen with a toilet curtained off in one corner of it. Everywhere, now, little differences leapt out at him. The papers on the table—unpaid bills and circulars—were stacked too neatly. The electric razor was gone from the back of the toilet. The bureau drawers were firmly closed, although Peter had never shut a drawer in his life, and when he opened them he found his clothes all tossed about and disarranged. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, and he took a dime from his coat pocket and went down to call the police. But still he hadn't quite realized what was happening.

The police sent a man named Graves, who said this was his eighteenth year on the Montreal Police Force and he had yet to see a robbery that couldn't be prevented. He told Peter this before he had even stepped through the door. "Your spare key, for instance," he said, and he reached up to run his fingers along the top of the doorframe. "There. See? You think a burglar doesn't know these things?"

"I never considered," Peter said. He was barely listening. While he was waiting for the detective to come it had hit him, suddenly, that a stranger had been here. He had barged in without knocking, poked about where he had no business, and maybe even read the poem that Peter was trying to write on the back of a shopping list. He pictured the burglar in an interrogation room, pointing his finger at Peter and saying, "All right, so I robbed him. But what about him, his silly poem beginning 'You and your love were September that year . . .'?"

"Now we'll make a list," said the detective.

He pulled a printed form from his pocket and sat down at the kitchen table, his elbow resting on Peter's papers. "Are you ready?" he asked Peter. "List the missing items."

"A record player," said Peter.

"Brand name? Year made?"

"I don't know. An electric shaver. A radio."

"Brand names?"

"I don't know. Remington, maybe. The radio was the kind with a clock in it."

The detective rested his forehead in one hand. Peter wandered around the room, poking at stacks of books and opening drawers. "A suit," he said, "brown."

"Now, you got to be more specific," the detective told him. "List the values, too. And the brand names. Picture the record player in your mind. Can't you see some kind of nameplate on it?"

"No," said Peter. He opened a cabinet and said, "Travel iron. The non-steam kind." The travel iron had been given him by his mother, just a few months back when he left Alberta to come east. The other things were Christmas or birthday presents from both parents together. He would never have been able to afford them himself. He was making $1.25 an hour and counting pennies in his sleep, and even if he did get the money there would be so much red tape to go through: checking brands in *Consumer Reports*, searching out appliance stores, examining guarantees. He felt tired just thinking about it, and while the detective scratched away with a leaky fountain pen Peter leaned against the kitchen door. "That's all, probably," he told the detective. Then he raised his eyes and saw, on the kitchen wall, the whiter square where his picture had been taped. It was an enlarged sepia photograph of Peter at a typewriter, looking serious, taken by a friend. He had never even liked it, but to find it missing gave him a queer, uncomfortable feeling and he waited a minute before he said, "There's a picture, too."

"What kind?" asked the detective, still writing.

"Well, nothing *worth* anything."

"I won't list it then," the detective said, and he dotted an "i" with a sharp jab of his pen. "Anything else?"

But Peter didn't bother looking further. He was still puzzling over

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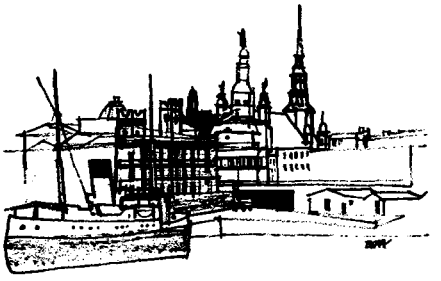
the picture, which had turned the burglary into something personal, something plotted and carried out by a human-faced being who had stolen Peter's likeness. The rest of the detective's questions he answered without thinking: "I don't know, I told you that. No, no insurance. Would he be fool enough to think that there was any *value* to a picture like that?" But even before the detective understood him, Peter shook his head. "No. He knew there wasn't." He watched the detective fumbling the list back into its folds, jamming it into his breast pocket. "I want you to double-check, now," the detective told him. "Don't come crying to me later. Can you find any other thing missing?"

"There was nothing else to take," Peter said. "Nothing much to *begin* with. Why did he choose me?" And he flung his arms out wide, showing what he was—a threadbare college dropout with home-chopped hair and bitten nails. The detective only sighed and put his hat on. "I can't promise you anything at all. I'm telling you that," he said. Then he left, closing the door himself because Peter stood dazed beside the table and thought about the photograph.

THE NEXT DAY was a working day, and Peter showed up half an hour late. He worked in an office building at the university, running the duplicating machine—something they usually had high-school boys do. When he arrived, with his face red from a cold spring wind and his jacket flying open, his supervisor was standing feeding papers into the machine. "You're late," she told him, and her voice, too thick for a woman's and jerked out of rhythm by her French accent, pushed him into saying what he had planned to keep quiet: "I was burglarized last night. Threw me off schedule." Then he took her place at the machine, still in his jacket, and reached for the papers. The supervisor only clicked her tongue. She never held conversations during office hours. But up and down the long room he saw typists look up from their desks and stare at him. He bent his head and made a notation in the account book: "Prof. Carson, personal copying. 4 copies of 2 pages, 56¢." There was no reason he could think of why he shouldn't want to mention the burglary. Most of the secretaries were just young girls, still in their teens, and during coffee break they would be sure to ask him all about it. Yet even after Peter was free to meet their looks,



having set the button for forty copies of a Notice to Employees and jammed his hands in his pockets, he pretended to be thinking about something else. He gazed out a misted window into another window next door, and without meaning to he found himself wondering which of the typists had any reason to take his picture away. Mary Ann, whom he had stopped asking to the movies? Denise, who always made those cutting remarks? He shrugged his thoughts away and lit a cigarette. But when the coffee break came, and lunchtime after that, he spent his time in the men's lounge reading, and he said no more than "hello" to any of the secretaries all day.

The one good thing about a job, Peter always said (comparing it to college, where he had spent two years), was that it had a starting time and a quitting time, nothing left to haunt your mind in the evenings. For that he would endure anything, even eight hours standing at an idiot machine and starvation wages. In the five blocks between his job and his apartment the stiffness had always shaken loose from his shoulder blades and his head had cleared for the evening that stretched in front of him. But tonight, he thought he would rather have stayed at work. As soon as he touched the doorknob he received a sort of chill that ran along his arm, and he turned away for a minute and looked down the long creaking stairs that he had just climbed. Then he straightened his back and turned the key in the lock.

EVERYTHING was just the way he had left it. His bowl of Grape-Nuts sat on the table, half eaten, and the rumpled sheets sagged off the daybed to the floor. In his weekly schedule (ruled off into seven neat compartments and tacked up over the kitchen sink) this was the time when he should be cleaning the house. Then he would go out to Joel's Café for franks and beans. But when he reached the daybed he simply sank down on it, still in his jacket, and swung his feet up to rest on the crumpled mound of blankets. Everyone takes a holiday *some*time, he thought. It wouldn't hurt to let the schedule go for a day. He laid his arm over his eyes, and without planning to, he dropped suddenly into a deep, smothered sleep.

When he awoke it was dark. Through his unlit window the sky had a dull transparency, the color of gray that eyes sometimes are, and a woman in the building next door was moving around her kitchen, directly across from him, preparing supper. She wore a long gray bathrobe that she used as a holder when she lifted a pot off the stove. There wasn't more than six feet of space between her and Peter, but she never looked in his direction, and from the way she worked—jerkily, frowning to herself and sometimes moving her lips over a recipe book—Peter guessed that she didn't know she was being watched. Had she been at that window when the burglar came? he wondered. Had she even seen the burglary take place, and decided that it was none of her affair and gone on cutting up salad greens? He raised himself on one elbow and stared at her, willing her to turn around and nod or smile at him so that he would know it wasn't so. But the woman only measured out a cup of rice, with her back to him. She was probably a Montrealer from birth, he thought. She had probably said to herself, "Oh, let them rob him, this is the city and my neighbors are none of *my* concern."

Peter lit a cigarette, still without turning on a light. The flaring of the match, held against the background of the woman in her

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kitchen, started a whole new train of thought: If this place were on fire, even, and he was trapped within, would she offer him a hand through the window? No, probably not. He pictured himself calling to her, begging her to find an ironing board or a bed slat or *some*thing, anything long enough to form a bridge between the two sills. But no, even if she heard him, no ironing board would be long enough. He thought of jumping. It was impossible. He turned and looked at the room, all peeling paper and dry rotting wood, ready to go up in flames in an instant. There was no way out. Smoke, conjured up in his mind out of the swirling, dusty darkness, seemed to be choking him already, and whole minutes must have passed before he could think, "No, wait," and rise, keeping down his panic with slow, careful steps, and find his way to the door. Once he was out in the street he remembered that there wasn't enough money in his jacket for beans and franks even, but he didn't try to go back upstairs.

BY BEDTIME, he had found a place to spend the night. It was at Joe Salter's, another Westerner, who had a spare couch in his bedroom. When he heard about the robbery he said, "That is just like this city, boy. That's a lousy way to treat a person." But he didn't understand any of the rest of it—the woman in the window and the possibility of fire. When Peter tried to tell him, he only frowned and nodded, counting out blankets all the while. "If you want, you can stay up and read," he said. "I got to go to bed early, myself." He showed Peter how to turn out the lights and where the record player was, and Peter listened carefully because he thought, what with the nap he had had, that he might stay awake half the night. But he had barely settled down with a book, when his eyes began to sting and shimmer over. He set the book on the floor and slid down until he was lying lengthwise on the couch, with his shoes off but all the rest of his clothes still on. At the other end of the room, Joe Salter snored gently. His breathing was hesitant, as if it could be stopped at any minute, and Peter found himself counting the breaths as he slid into sleep himself. Thirty-eight, thirty-nine. . . . People were so fragile, he thought, that they could be cut down by a feather pillow on their faces. They were prey to cigarette sparks that flared on rugs, faulty gas mains, broken stairs, and the direct, dark intent of any chance intruder who wanted someone else's possessions. Sleep fell away again, leaving Peter as flat as someone pulling on a rope that is suddenly released. He lay on his back with his eyes wide open and waited for something to happen.

The next day, he found he had trench mouth. He came back from the dentist at lunch hour and made a joke of it to the typists—"First burglary, then trench mouth. Where will it end?"—but for some reason the thought of it seemed the final discouragement, and it made it even worse that trench mouth was such a *ridiculous* thing, something that had caught him off guard while he was looking for a blow more serious. At coffee break, where everyone drank out of white glass mugs that were then rinsed out in the rest-room sink, he watched to see if the typists were worried about his germs. He

checked his mug for identifying marks, and when he found a chip on the rim he nodded and set it down, untouched, on a table. They were going to keep his dishes separate, then. "Careful, this is Peter's. Here's a paper towel to pick it up with. *Don't* put it in the sink with the others!" He waited for them to ask why he didn't drink his coffee, but no one did. They seemed to be avoiding any mention of it, and pointedly looked away from where his cup made a ring on the table.

After the break, things started going wrong with the duplicating machine. New copies came out burned around the edges, as if they had traveled through hell before they slid single file into his hands. Instead of stopping the machine he leaned against it and merely watched, picturing how the scorched margins would grow wider and wider until there was nothing left but a small white square in the center, and they would crumble to ashes when he touched them. But before that happened, the copies stopped coming altogether. Something had jammed. He went over to one of the typists and asked if he might use her phone—holding his face slightly averted from her, to spare her the germs that he felt were teeming through his mouth—and he called the duplicator company three times, but each call was answered by an old man who said, "I don't hear so good. It can't be me you're calling, anyway." Peter hung up. He put on his jacket and walked out of the building, leaving the machine humming and smoldering behind him and the monthly accounts, due in that morning, sprawled across a table with huge black erasures scratching holes in the paper.

AT THE railroad station, he went straight to one of the windows and picked up a timetable. The departure times ran in a thin blue column down the page, so many of them that at first they blurred together and made a train of their own, heading westward and home. He felt confused at the sight of them, like a man faced with a brand new mail-order catalogue chock-full of things he wanted. Instead of choosing right away, as he stood in line at the window, he crossed the echoing floor with his eyes on the timetable and sat down on a bench. "Plenty of room," an old lady said—needlessly, for she was clustered into a corner of the bench with parcels and bags tightly hemming her in. "Today is Friday, that's why the line at the window. But you just sit here awhile, catch your breath like I am, there's *lots* of time."

Peter nodded and went on mouth-

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ing departure times. 2:15 P.M.—that would be just fine. Only that train headed north, not that it mattered much. If there was no westward train that left soon enough he would take *any* train; he would close out his bank account and leave, with nothing but the clothes on his back and the money in his pockets. He pictured sitting in an observation car, riding through the sooty air and on out to clear green spaces. Then he pictured the car turning over, in some freak accident, all that glass shattering around his ears. Or crumpling, accordion-like, as two fiends at the switches coupled other cars too violently from both ends at once. "Are you all *right*?" the old lady asked. Peter shook his head and watched while the timetable trembled in his hands. "Are you sick? Are you traveling out to some trouble at home?"

"No, I'm fine," said Peter. Home, which had never seen any trouble at all, rose in his mind like some cool green island, across a sea he would never sail. "I seem to be scared of trains," he said.

"Oh, don't tell me why," said the old lady. "If you know something I don't, don't tell it to me. I go by train because I'm scared of planes; it would kill me to hear they've got something wrong with trains now."

"No, nothing wrong," Peter said. He tried to laugh, keeping his face turned away from her. "I'm just grounded. I'm stuck here."

"Oh, well, trains are better than *that*," said the old lady. She shuffled her packages, sending forth a little breeze that smelled of horehound drops. "Take yesterday. Don't you read the papers?"

"No, not yesterday."

"Well, they were telling how this city is set square on a flaw, a flaw in the crust of the earth. Someday, they say, we'll have an earthquake, and whoosh. Worse than the bomb, it'll be."

"I didn't know that," Peter said.

"*Oh*, yes. I said to Josephine, that's my daughter-in-law that I had come to visit, 'Now, you've heard about Pompeii. One thing I *don't* want,' I said, 'is to be dug up five hundred years from now, studied amongst my cookie cutters and knitting needles to see how life was lived in these days. I'm going home,' I told her. Not that I want to worry you, boy, if you are really stuck here. I don't wish to be a bearer of bad tidings."

"No, that's all right," Peter said. He folded the timetable neatly and stood up. "No, I'm all right." He laid the timetable on the bench and immediately felt lighter, as if something more than a piece of paper had been taken off his hands. Beneath him the old woman sat, still crumpled, suspended with him in a sea of dusty sunshine that washed across their faces and turned their skin transparent, fluid, ready to dissolve at a touch of a finger.

To Nessus

Toward middle age, we met again.
All of the friends whom I had slain
Long since, by my inadequacies—
Young men who would not speak, or spoke
In riddles, or twisted to a joke
Each hint of urgency or ease,
Young, long-forgotten beards—I saw
Again in you. Now, with the raw
Conviction, though, that, no, you
Would never be understood, was mixed
A curious poison: to outdo
Us all in shows of love. Transfixed,
I watched you drink, recklessly drive
Home friends (relieved to be alive);
Came to your parties, devoured your fine
Spreads, but chiefly sought to divine
The nature of your smile as you
Passed out beneath the hullabaloo.
I massaged your shoulders, urged you to wake,
Saying we missed you. You would shake
Your head, laugh, and murmur that all
People bored you, or merely smile,
Keeping your eyes closed, or get
Up, turn the music high, and rile
With maestro imitations fret-
ted with questions philosophical
None could reply to for the noise
Or your harsh laughter. For awhile,
This was the way things were.
Great poise
Herakles never had—who sent
His arrow through you or who rent
His flesh, from the love-gift you'd given—
Nor I the night we three were shriven
Finally. Well, I sat there, glum
At how thoroughly I didn't know
You—you, my woman, me—and numb
From not knowing what I should do
About your drunken passes, her bright,
Wearing engagement with your in-
effectualities, the right
Or wrong of my poorly-concealed grin,
Gradual frown. This was the way
Things had gotten for us since we
Were younger. No, I would not stay,
Though all exists were travesty,
Poor friend. I very much regret
Your moist eyes, soft laugh, at your door;
Your stammer that you would not forget
And that you loved us dearly; or
How, in the street, my poor woman
Wept, and I snarled that she and you
Had managed to make me feel inhuman.
More I will not be party to.

—DAVID GALLER

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A Walk With Gerhart Hauptmann

FERENC KORMENDI

I WAS introduced to Gerhart Hauptmann in the spring of 1938 at the Rapallo home of our German publisher, a recent refugee who, for obvious reasons, had moved from Germany to Austria several years previously. Late at night on March 11, 1938, he was nervously twisting the dial of his radio when he picked up an announcement from a Salzburg station that German army units with tanks and armored cars had been seen crossing the border in strength, and God save Austria. Almost immediately, confused shouting came over the wavelength, followed by the sounds of the Nazi "Horst Wessel Lied" and frenetic shouts of "Heil Hitler! Sieg heil!" The publisher put his wife and their three young daughters in the family car parked in front of their villa, took his Stradivarius under his arm, and drove off toward Italy. They crossed the Austro-Italian border at Tarvisio early next morning; the guards on either side did not know until four hours later that Austria had been invaded by Hitler.

Hauptmann and the publisher were great friends and had spent many a happier spring together at Rapallo. Now, when he arrived for his annual stay with his charming actress wife and his secretary (whom I shall call Dr. Ried) a few weeks after the Anschluss, Hauptmann carefully avoided showing that he realized this time it was all different. Nor did he seem willing to take notice of the fact that my wife and I, having left Hungary with two suitcases and a typewriter a few days after the invasion of Austria, were also refugees. He treated us as plain vacationers.

Rapallo was a place we had long known and liked, and although Italy was a Fascist state allied somewhat reluctantly with Germany in the so-called Axis, the Italians detested the Nazis. As foreigners, we could expect to be left unmolested for a while to work out our plans to move on to England and, later, to the United States, before a major war broke out, as sooner or later I was sure it would. And for a few months Rapallo offered us a strange way of life, a mixture of leisure and uneasiness, of hopes and anxieties, of an oppressive feeling of transitoriness and a more than uncertain future.

Hauptmann, as usual, stayed in a princely suite at the de luxe Hotel Eccelsior near the northern border of the town. He still indulged in consciously playing the Grand Old Man of modern German literature. Thus far he had kept out of politics, though in conversation he denounced it as a scoundrels' business (*"Schurkenbeschäftigung"*) far below the dignity of a cockroach. In Germany one or more of his plays were performed in at least a hundred theatres every single night of the year. The Nazis took him for granted, and Hauptmann took for granted his prerogative to be left alone politically. Once in referring to some of his friends and colleagues who had fled Germany, he said, "People and situations are different, and there are no identical destinies."

INSIDE his hotel or out, Hauptmann was never seen alone in Rapallo. His ubiquitous companion was Dr. Ried. The secretary followed him everywhere—at a respectful distance if Hauptmann was with another person. If Hauptmann had a sip or two of cognac in company at a café, Dr. Ried sat silently at a nearby table. He carried a small black notebook in which he conscientiously jotted down everything he could hear Hauptmann say. As he once explained somewhat apologetically, he was collecting material for the autobiography that Hauptmann was said to have been planning for several years. For a while, I was under what turned out to be the false impression that Dr. Ried was not only a faithful secretary but also a bodyguard or a Gestapo man or both.

Soon after we became acquainted, Hauptmann invited me for a drink at the Café Nettuno, and we spent a pleasant hour with each other, drinking cognac and talking. From then on we met rather often, sometimes accidentally and at other times by prearrangement. Dr. Ried would call me up to ask if I could meet

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Hauptmann at this or that time in this place or that. There we would have an *espresso* or a cognac, and then we'd take a walk, usually a long one. Hauptmann was a passionate walker.

Hauptmann did most of the talking, and his inexhaustible subject was himself. With the expert delivery of a skilled character actor, he talked of the early years when he dreamed of becoming a sculptor; his travels; his manifold interests and his restless, searching spirit; his first experiments in writing and his faculty of seeing everything in characters and scenes; his breakthrough as a playwright with *Before Sunrise,* his subsequent successes, and his final triumph as the greatest contemporary German dramatist. He talked freely about his literary idiosyncrasies, about books and plays and music and writers and people at large he liked or disliked. (There was an unmistakable tinge of jealousy in his voice and words when, on rare occasions, he said something about Thomas Mann or Richard Strauss.) And he talked about his plans for the future if and when, as he said a bit ambiguously, the atmosphere cleared up. But he never spoke of the present; it seemed not to exist for him. Once, while Hauptmann was in the lavatory, Dr. Ried casually mentioned to me that the *Herr Doktor* had not touched a pen or dictated a line—except for letters—in over two years.

A MORE DAZZLING but less exalted phenomenon in German literature than Thomas Mann, the then seventy-six-year-old dramatist was, so far as I could observe, the perfect extrovert with astounding contradictions in character and attitudes. He had a Gargantuan appetite for choice food and an admirable knowledge of vintage wine, and he could also deeply enjoy what he called a peripatetic luncheon: not rarely, at noontime, he would saunter about the seafood stands in the Old Harbor, eating out of a brown paper bag a goodly portion of freshly cooked *scampi* and *muscoli* and other poor little things, collectively known as *frutti di mare,* which kept staring at you disapprovingly with their pointed black sad eyes while you were devouring them. And he would wash them down with a glass of stale beer at one of the harbor taverns.

He had an unfailing flair for lavish entertainment, but might tirelessly haggle over the price of a pair of socks. He had a lion's roar for a voice but was able to talk in a pleasantly veiled *sordina.* He had a king-sized laugh, an impish inclination to self-mockery, and a gift for pomposity.

In conversation, Hauptmann could indiscriminately resort to clichés or stun his listener with original and witty turns of expression. One day he would behave like a jovial small-town mayor and the next like the high priest of something exceedingly majestic and mysterious. Often he was ingratiating like a genial patriarch and then, without any transition, repulsive like a cantankerous spinster or a sullen clerk just dressed down by his boss. He was a fascinating storyteller who, all of a sudden, could turn into a clam, uninterested, listless, bored-looking. He seemed indefatigable as the life of the party, but one afternoon I saw him sitting alone on a bench on the terrace of the Eccelsior, contemplating the melancholy sight of a sunset, possibly his own; he looked old and worn out. He was the antipode of the quiet, regular, solemn, professorial Thomas Mann.

Behind these obviously self-imposed roles, played with ease and to perfection, his true nature remained, at least to such superficial acquaintance as myself, a closely guarded secret. Except, perhaps, that Hauptmann seemed utterly aware of his own greatness all the time, even when on occasion he exaggeratedly underplayed it. But, after all, he could afford both. He was one of the great writers and social critics of his time and of his world. One might argue about whether his *Florian Geyer* is or is not a more momentous opus in modern German historical drama than Arthur Schnitzler's *Der Junge Medardus,* or if any of his novels would come near, say, Robert Musil's *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften.* But his uniqueness was not open to debate.

The Rapallese adored Hauptmann and, like almost everybody else, called him *Herr Doktor.* (The seafood vendors invariably addressed him as *Eccellenza,* and once we came across an old peasant woman who reverently greeted him as *padre.*) They were immensely proud of having him as a wear-and-tearproof, though seasonal, guest of their town, and more indigenous fingers were pointed at him to indicate to tourists something worth seeing than at any other visiting or resident notables. Ezra Pound, for example.

Pound, too, lived in Rapallo at that time. He, too, was an outgoing character but much less popular than Hauptmann. He was so rabidly anti-Anglo-American and anti-Semitic that even some devoted Fascists condemned his attitudes.

Hauptmann could not stomach Pound. "I'm allergic to him," he once said to me. When he could not avoid meeting Pound on the street or in company, he was apt to make pointed remarks on the other man's eccentric way of dressing and exhibitionistic behavior. For a German intellectual, a poet is the summit of all, but whenever Hauptmann couldn't avoid listening to Pound's clipped words and labyrinthine sentences, a tic began to show up below his left eye. "This man doesn't play the fool, he is a fool," he said to me irritably.

If Pound was an eccentric dresser or, rather, non-dresser, so was Hauptmann. His favorite attire was a pair of dark-gray linen breeches, a light-gray linen sports jacket, a light-brown windbreaker, and double-soled heavy brown shoes. Another set of clothes he wore quite often consisted of an old-fashioned cutaway, a clergyman's high-cut vest, black trousers and double-soled heavy black shoes. The only time I saw him in any other costume was on a night that he gave a dinner party at the Eccelsior with his wife and my wife and several other ladies present. For that occasion he had donned a slightly discolored dinner jacket that, he explained, his Berlin tailor had made for him in 1900.

Of course there must have been some affectation in this. I remembered that when I saw him in the early twenties in Berlin, at a special performance of what is perhaps his most famous play, *The Weavers,* he answered a tremendous ovation by taking a ceremonious bow in a perfectly tailored full dress suit of the latest fashion. At a luncheon one day an Italian acquaintance asked

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Hauptmann why he preferred to wear, as the man put it, such casual clothes. (From his intonation it was clear that by "casual" he meant "sloppy.") "To those who know who I am, it makes no difference how I'm dressed, and those who don't know who I am make no difference to me," Hauptmann replied. There were few people living in Rapallo who did not know who he was.

EARLY IN MAY, Hitler came to visit Italy and concluded with Mussolini yet another "iron pact" in his preparation for war. A few years back, after their first personal encounter at Venice, Mussolini was said to have told his confidants that he did not like "that man." Now he rushed to Genoa to welcome Hitler on his arrival there and drive with him back to Rome. Rapallo is not far from Genoa, and the Fascist police were busy locking up all German and Austrian refugees in the whole region for the duration of the ominous visit. The two dictators' route was heavily patrolled and guarded all the way to Rome, with one section of it after another closed to civilian traffic as their car passed through. Like the rest of our neighbors, we were politely asked early in the morning by an officer of the militia not to leave the house and not to show up in the garden, even less on the hillside path leading down to the highway, when the Duce and his party were scheduled to drive by.

I had not seen Hauptmann on the promenade or in town for a while, nor had he called me over the phone, when one early afternoon before the end of the month, I ran into him on the shore promenade near our villa.

It was an oppressively hot, pallid afternoon with a sinister mountain landscape of black clouds forming over the horizon. The air lay over land and sea like a thick, transparent, ill-smelling blanket. I was heading for the town to mail to my publisher the galley proofs of a novel, my last to be published in Hungary for a decade and the last but one to be printed in Hungarian at all.

"Ha! There you are!" Hauptmann said with exaggerated surprise in his voice, as though I was the one who had been in hiding. He appeared cool and crisp as only old men can in such Turkish-bath weather. As we started walking, Hauptmann said in a casual-sounding voice that they might leave Rapallo soon, and added that if we had not now met by chance, he might well have dropped in on us to ask me out for a walk and a cognac at the Nettuno. (The Nettuno, by the way, was anything but the best café in town.)

As we walked toward the center of the town, it struck me that Hauptmann was unusually silent. When I happened to look back at Dr. Ried, he put a warning finger to his lips to signify that I should not try to start the conversation, possibly with a "Well, how've you been, *Herr Doktor?*" or "What nasty weather!" Obviously Hauptmann was in one of his darkish moods, which, by then, I knew no less well than his cheerful ones. We walked on in silence.

Suddenly but not unexpectedly, a violent gust of wind struck with ferocious force from the north. Then there was another gust and yet another, and in a minute we were exposed to a full frontal attack of the storm.

Hauptmann gave a start and, as if on cue, seemed to become lively. I'm tempted to say he became alive. "Ha! The wind!" he shouted. His pace quickened, he straightened himself. His white lion's mane was streaming in the wind.

He said something further, but the wind was stronger than his voice. I shook my head and he repeated what he had said. "I wanted to talk with you. I want to tell you something. Can you hear me?" I nodded yes. "I didn't leave my room for days because I was sick, quite sick. I *am* sick. That man had come to cripple another country!" Hauptmann roared into the wind. "This wretched Austrian housepainter has ruined Germany, now it's the turn of Italy, and then—*Morgen die ganze Welt*! That mad dog robbed us Germans of our freedom, our self-esteem, our honor, our *Geist*, of everything that's dear to us and turned us into a herd of slaves. But now he wants war, will unleash war upon the whole of mankind. That moron will destroy us all, me, you everybody, Germany in the first place, not *his* Germany, for there's no such place, but *my* Germany!"

I was speechless. Was the show-window playwright of the Third Reich talking to me, or had I fallen victim to a hallucination? But his words sounded very real.

The German *Kraftausdruck* in the best tradition of the Berlin garbagemen came from his lips with the force of an explosion. From time to time, I caught the word *Dreckhund*. He raised his arms high in the posture of a Biblical prophet foretelling doom and cursing the world. It was frightening to see him in this, to me hitherto unknown, role which he hammed out in a paroxysm, and it was frighteningly difficult to believe that he was sincere. Yet it all looked and sounded in dead earnest. He stopped for a moment, drank in the wind, then moved on, roaring. "What quarrel did we Germans have with the world before the Nazi

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plague ate itself into our flesh and soul? What wrong did we find with the British, the French, the Jews, the Socialists before that damned wretch infected us with the germs of hatred and turned us into beasts? And after him, the deluge! The Russians will descend on us, gobble up Germany and the rest of Europe! What a *Götterdämmerung* that'll be!"

The black clouds raced towards us from all directions, they swallowed the sun and blotted out the last blue patch of sky. A bus came up from behind with its headlights on and the driver obligingly slowed down, but Hauptmann, with an angry gesture, signaled him not to stop; the bus rumbled on. The twilight slowly turned into almost complete darkness. Beside the three of us, not one living soul was to be seen on the road. Red and blue flashes of lightning tore into the black sky, lighting dreadful celestial sights such as could have been visualized only by El Greco. A few huge raindrops spattered audibly on our heads. The wind howled like a madman tortured by the executioners of the Holy Inquisition. Hauptmann, I think, would have hated to see even the most bathetic scene of his most melodramatic play staged in such a ludicrous setting.

"They gave me a tremendous birthday celebration last year when I turned seventy-five, with personal messages from that man and Goebbels and the rest, but it was all a big swindle. They just wanted to make the Germans and the world believe that I was one of them. I spit on their adulation! But why, then, did Gerhart Hauptmann accept favors from the Nazis? Why did he not open his mouth, why didn't he speak out against them? Because he wasn't born to become a martyr, do you get me?"

Now he looked exactly like Mynheer Peeperkorn in the famous waterfall scene of Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*. Mann was said to have modeled his fabulous character of a Dutch plantation tycoon, not only physically but mentally, after Hauptmann as a literary revenge for something between them that could never be forgotten or forgiven.

The threatening cloudburst would not come off; the storm clouds seemed to have labored fruitlessly;

even those rare, huge rain drops ceased falling. But Hauptmann's cloudburst continued unabated. "I'm no longer at home in my own country. The Third Reich isn't my country. I must go abroad to feel at home. That's what's become of Germany under that mad dog, and that's what'll become of the whole world if they don't catch him and put him in a cage or a straitjacket." He was breathing hard and looked close to a stroke.

It was at that point that I first interrupted his tirade. "But if you feel like that, why don't you stay out of Germany? You didn't go away like Mann and Zweig and Werfel and Kerr and the rest—but you don't have to go back now." I, too, had to try to outshout the wind to be heard, but Hauptmann did not, or pretended not to, hear me.

As though carried irresistibly by the weight of his own voice, he continued roaring, "We'll all go down for that *Hundedreck!* . . ." But he cut himself off and fell silent. His face was purplish, his mouth half open. He stopped and I stopped. "What did you say?" he bellowed at me. "Why don't I stay out of Germany? Why do I go back instead of turning my back on *his* Germany? I'll tell you why, *mein Herr!* Because I'm a coward, that's why! I'm a coward! I—am—a—coward!"

He lunged forward; I had some difficulty in keeping abreast with him. But he did not talk any more. We marched silently along the promenade. Nor were we all by ourselves any longer. People were walking in our direction, others were coming up from behind and outwalked us as we slowed down. Soon our pace slackened to a plod. Hauptmann's face slowly regained its usual tender pink, his breathing returned to normal, but he did not speak. He looked very old.

After a few more flashes of lightning in the distance, the wind died down and there was some motion only high up in the air. The storm clouds began to scatter, the unnatural darkness changed to twilight and then daylight. It was still suffocatingly hot. Santa Margherita and Portofino to the north were already drenched with sunshine as the sun broke through the swirling clouds majestically swimming southward. The rainless electric storm was over.

A FEW DAYS LATER, Dr. Ried called me up to say goodby for the Hauptmanns and himself. The *Herr Doktor* was terribly sorry for saying farewell like this, Dr. Ried said, but he had been ailing for the past couple of days and was still not feeling well enough to see people before they left for Berlin by the night express later that day. "He sends you and your wife his best wishes. And now, *auf Wiedersehn, mein Herr*, and. . . ." There was a moment's pause. "Good luck to you," Dr. Ried said and we hung up.

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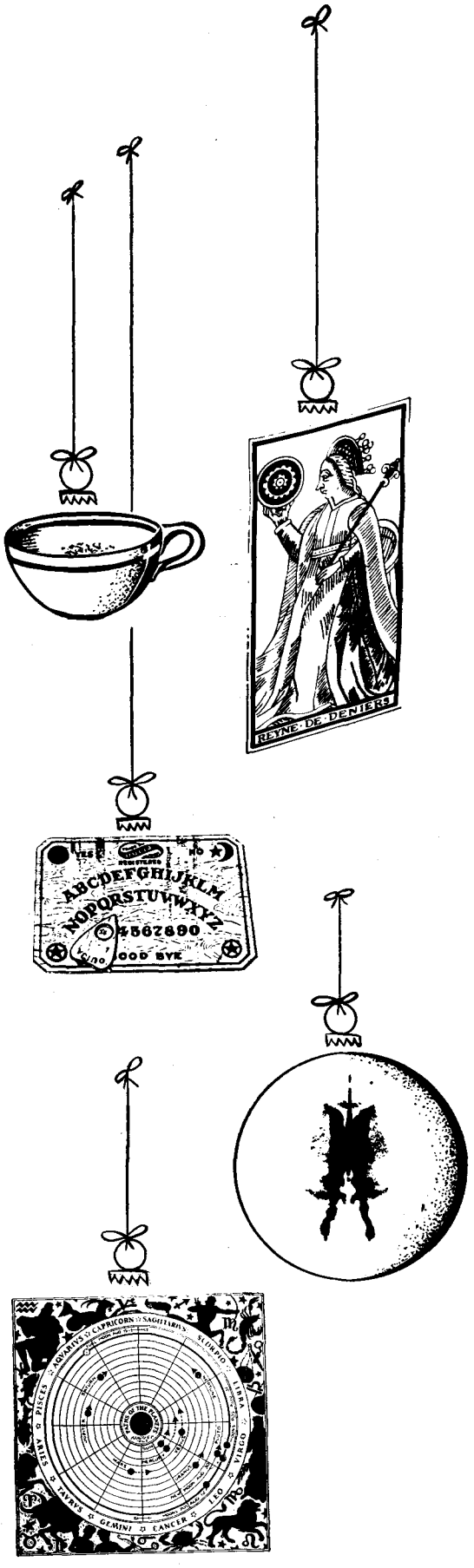

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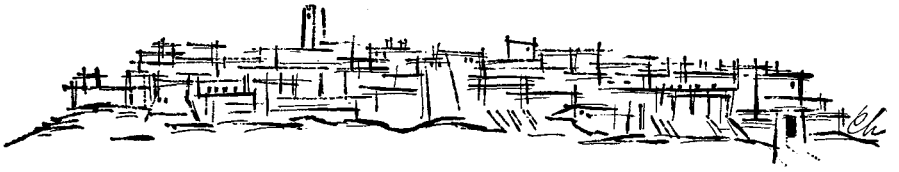

Back to the Casbah

JAY JACOBS

CINEMA often best imitates reality by imitating itself. At the beginnine of the Antonio Musu-Igor Films production *The Battle of Algiers*, we are assured that no newsreel footage whatever has been incorporated into the work at hand—the implication being that the images we are about to scan resemble so closely the images of unrehearsed moviemaking that the depictions to come will be endowed with a preternatural verisimilitude.

The formula is by now a venerable one; it is traceable at least as far back as the early postwar efforts of Roberto Rossellini, and has been much abused of late by neophyte film-makers with tendencies to equate illegible photography and unintelligible sound with Truth. In the hands of the creators of *The Battle of Algiers*, however—and most notably of the director, Gillo Pontecorvo, and Marcello Gatti, an absolutely inspired cameraman—it takes on dimensions that transcend questions of originality and technical innovation. Strictly speaking, there is only a difference of degree between the methods used by Pontecorvo and such earlier arrivals as Rossellini and Nanni Loy. Pontecorvo, however, makes far more sophisticated use of the camera's potential for self-mimicry, and exploits that potential to an extent that becomes almost a difference of kind. What we see is not, as I've intimated, a direct re-enactment of reality but a thoroughly convincing simulacrum of the accepted means of documenting reality. And, contrived as it may sound, it works.

As the title suggests, the film has to do with the efforts, first by the local gendarmerie and later, when events begin to get out of hand, of a crack division of paratroopers, to exterminate the proliferating band of Arab rebels who terrorized the resident French in Algiers between 1954 and 1957. Since the events in question are matters of historical record (and since it is obvious from the outset that Pontecorvo and his associates are disinclined to distort that record to any appreciable extent), the results of the struggle are foregone conclusions and the picture can hardly be said to build toward a dramatic climax, or even to generate much suspense along the way. Still, there *is* that verisimilitude; these are very real people in excruciatingly real situations, and while there is little doubt about *what's* going to happen to them, we care intensely about *how* it happens.

It is to the great credit of all concerned in the making of the film that, while their sympathies are quite obviously on the side of the Arabs, no attempt is made to depict the French as the standard heavies who invariably (in the movies, at least) oppose a just cause. And even if the rebel effort engages *our* sympathies, the film still allows us to retain a measure of humanity. Violence prevails and dedicated men kill one another because they think they must. But with no killing are we ever allowed, whichever way our sympathies of the moment may lie, to savor an instant of exhilaration or triumph; there is only the bitter taste of loss and diminishment as basically decent human beings savage their fellows and brutalize themselves in an altogether unnecessary struggle.

Pontecorvo has assembled an uncommonly fine cast of principals, headed by Brahim Haggiag and Yacef Saadi, as NLF terrorists, and Jean Martin, as the hard-nosed army officer assigned to the thankless task of destroying the rebel forces. It is the people of Algiers, though, the wretched, beautiful, and innately noble dwellers in the Casbah and the petite bourgeoisie of the French Quarter, who give the film its greatest impact. I am frankly baffled by Pontecorvo's manipulation of logistical problems that I'd have thought insurmountable. How he manages to create a thoroughly credible impression of having persuaded the entire population of Algiers to relive a period they'd probably be happy enough to forget is beyond me, as is any comprehension of the absolute naturalness of everyone involved.

INDEED, there is so much about the film that is beyond praise that to praise anything in particular is almost to find fault with a remarkably unified whole. Still, certain scenes crowd the mind with extraordinary vividness: a press conference at which the aforementioned officer dispassionately assesses the exigencies of the situation while the questions put to him by a group of hard-bitten reporters become increasingly pointed and increasingly philosophical (only once does he come close to losing his cool; the name of Jean-Paul Sartre is invoked, and the interrogee rather testily wonders, "Why are these liberals always on the other side?"); a young and touchingly gentle Arab woman (the women in the film are without exception superb) acting out the most degrading charade of which she can conceive in order to blow up a roomful of people to whom she bears no particular animosity; and one panoramic night view of the Casbah (for once it is not subjected to a lot of adventitious exoticism) as it almost literally boils with indignation, and all the women of the ghetto ululate wordlessly in a hair-raising expression of their mingled frustrations and aspirations. Throughout the film, incidentally, sound has been used to maximum effect, and a musical score by Pontecorvo and Ennio Morricone is as gripping (and as integral) as every other element in this consistently astonishing film.

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A Polish Musician For Our Time

ROLAND GELATT

When Robert Schumann first heard the music of Chopin, he was quick to exclaim: "Hats off, gentlemen. A genius!" That pitch of enthusiastic confidence no longer comes so easily. We have grown more circumspect, more grudging in our responses. New music commands polite attention; it seldom breeds infatuation. But today the rule is being broken by a young and uncompromisingly avant-garde Polish composer whose work is fanning the kind of fervor we read about in history books. His name is Krzysztof Penderecki. Mark it well. The man is generating an excitement that has been sadly missing from the postwar musical scene.

Like most composers of his generation (he was born in 1933), Penderecki writes sparingly. Two works are mainly responsible for his worldwide reputation. He first came to attention outside Poland with his threnody for fifty-two string instruments, *To the Victims of Hiroshima,* which won a UNESCO award in 1961. More recently, loud hosannas have been occasioned by his *Passion According to St. Luke,* commissioned to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of the cathedral in Münster and first performed there on March 30, 1966. During the past year this work has been heard all over Europe, and in November the musical director of the Minneapolis Symphony, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, will direct its American premiere, first in Minneapolis and later in New York. In addition to these live performances, two recordings of the *St. Luke Passion* have just appeared —one from Philips (PHS2-901, two discs), the other from RCA Victrola (VICS 6015, two discs). The same companies have also published recordings of the *Hiroshima* threnody (it fills out Side 4 of the Philips set above and forms part of a collection entitled "The New Music" on RCA Victrola VICS 1239).

Penderecki's popularity is all the more remarkable in that he speaks the strange and flinty language of the new generation. Unlike such mainstream men as Britten or Shostakovich, whose work can be easily related to established traditions, Penderecki is out on cloud nine. He is an iconoclast whose music explores the uncharted no-man's-land between tone and noise. The *Hiroshima* threnody amounts to a ten-minute exercise in block sound effects, massed clusters of tone, and eerie glissandi that obey no conventional rules. Here nothing happens in the ordinary sense of musical development. Instead the hearer is enveloped by bands of solid sound that expand and contract in a three-dimensional panorama without reference to traditional melody or rhythm. Penderecki is by no means the only young composer to have used "liberated noise" as a compositional element, but he has elicited more beauty and meaning from it than anyone else. Despite the radical methods of his discourse, he manages to communicate. The question remains whether that communication is entirely musical, and to this point I shall return later.

Although *The Passion According to St. Luke* is couched in a more straightforward linear idiom than *Hiroshima,* it is cut from the same basic cloth. Anyone familiar with the earlier piece will immediately recognize the Passion as being the work of Penderecki. (I speak from experience, having first encountered it quite by accident on the French FM network. Though I tuned in after the announcement, I identified the composer at once.) The work follows the Baroque pattern for settings of the Passion. The Gospel text, in Latin Vulgate, is spoken by a narrator with some help from the chorus, while the words of Christ are sung by a baritone. In addition to representing the mob, the chorus is allotted many passages of a contemplative nature, both *a cappella* and accompanied. Again following Baroque precedent, there are arias for soprano and bass.

If the layout and dimensions of the work are reminiscent of Bach, the sounds most assuredly are not. From the opening measure—an explosive cry on the word "crux," with all the jagged sparkle of broken glass—Penderecki establishes a tense, committed tone for the Passion. And as the chorus begins to glide from one pitch to another in wailing, sirenlike undulations, the unorthodoxy of his approach becomes increasingly apparent. This is a complex, imaginative, startling account of the Crucifixion. It is also enormously powerful and moving. The measure of Penderecki's genius is that he has put the brilliant battery of avant-garde musical devices at the service of his own profound religious convictions.

Except for a few cadences toward the end (the work moves slowly from fragmentation and complexity to cohesion and resolution), the melodies are rigorously atonal, with a somber, often grotesque cast to them that underlines the forlorn Byzantine harshness of the setting. The wide skips and disjointed wails in the soprano's arias seem as appropriate in their own way as Bach's flowing ariosos. This assured use of radical means to vitalize the Gospel is everywhere evident. To characterize the mocking crowd at the high priest's house, Penderecki writes a passage for high, darting strings and wildly fast flutes and brasses that marvelously limns the insanity of a howling mob, and in his introduction to the scene involving Pilate he employs squeals and blares of sound, mechanistic and impersonal in effect, which are reminiscent of the background noises in *Red Desert.* (There are other parallels with Antonioni's movies, not only in the sounds themselves but also in the composer's sudden silences and abrupt transitions, his sobriety and integrity of purpose, his gift for wringing beauty from apparent ugliness.) I could go on to describe the frenzied babble and hiss of the choral interjections, the wrenchingly poignant cacophonies that lead

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to the crucifixion, the Gregorian-like starkness of Christ's death, but this is enough to indicate the unusual scope and flavor of the piece.

Penderecki has affirmed that his *St. Luke Passion* is first and foremost a religious work; but though he is a devout Roman Catholic, he does not believe that one must belong to a church to compose religious music. "The only condition is that one is willing to confess one's religious convictions." Penderecki's convictions are clearly those of a believer living in the post-Hitler, post-Hiroshima era. The Nuremberg rallies, the crematoria at Auschwitz, the mushroom cloud over Japan are implicit in his music. He is a twentieth-century man through and through.

THIS brings me back to the question whether his works communicate on wholly musical terms. Would the searing, apocalyptic waves of sound in the *Hiroshima* threnody carry quite the same impact if the piece had been called "Exercise No. 1"? Would we be so moved by the *St. Luke Passion* without the stirring story line on which it rests? These questions have been puzzling me, and I see they have been puzzling critics in England as well. "The fact is," observes Stanley Sadie in the *Musical Times*, "that the various sound-devices which [avant-garde] composers use are capable of meaning just what anyone wants them to mean. . . . Is it possible to write a Passion using such devices which *wouldn't* be moving, granted some degree of aptness, intelligence, and taste in their use?" Sadie obviously believes that any avant-garde work about the bomb or the Crucifixion would carry a considerable freight of conviction. I am not at all sure.

In any event, Penderecki's music-plus-titles is compelling stuff that deserves a hearing. Of the two recordings of the *St. Luke Passion*, the Philips is preferable. It has a more affecting narrator, a more audacious chorus, and better recording acoustics. But the differences between the two versions are relatively slight. Either one gives impressive evidence of a composer with the ability to engage both the ears and the souls of his listeners.

BOOKS

Communication Gap

GORDON A. CRAIG

ORGANIZATIONAL INTELLIGENCE: KNOWLEDGE AND POLICY IN GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY, by Harold L. Wilensky. *Basic Books. $5.95.*

A few years ago the country's biggest dealer in vegetable oils was Anthony De Angelis, a man whose energetic operations won the admiration of some of the most respected members of the business community and led them to compete for the privilege of lending him money. They soon regretted their eagerness. When De Angelis's Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corporation went bankrupt in 1963, the American Express Company and fifty other firms that had been supporting him in the style to which he had become accustomed discovered shortages of almost 1.9 billion pounds of oil worth $175 million. Many of the corporation's tanks in Bayonne, New Jersey, had oil only in small compartments built inside them; others held nothing but water or were completely empty.

This spectacular example of spoiling the Egyptians evoked widespread admiration for its author—some of it expressed by the judges who ruled on the case—and a not inconsiderable amount of comment about the gullibility of the businessmen he had bamboozled. For the latter there was justification. Even a superficial investigation of De Angelis's past record in business would have thrown doubt on his reliability, and if anyone had checked out the rumors of shortages that circulated long before 1963 the jig would have been up immediately. But no careful investigations were made. The brokers and the bankers with whom De Angelis dealt were prisoners of their own routines and practices, trusting the conventional arrangements that had worked in the past, and they were unwilling to believe in the possibility of these being violated by a fellow dealer. If they had occasional twinges of doubt, these were allayed by the respectability and reputation of their associates. ("We figured with American Express issuing the receipts we couldn't go wrong.") Thus, they neglected the most elementary of precautions and were led like sheep to the shearing shed.

"THE SALAD-OIL CASE," Harold Wilensky writes, "illustrates the vulnerability of highly institutionalized organizations to information pathologies." What he means is that organizations like the American Express Company and the Ford Motor Company, or for that matter the Pentagon and the University of California, show a similar tendency to believe what they want to believe, to become the victims of their own slogans and propaganda, and to resist or to silence warning voices that challenge their assumptions or refute their dogmatisms. That was one of the reasons for the late unpleasantness at Berkeley. That was basically the reason why the Ford Company in 1955, in one of the costliest intelligence failures in its history, insisted on producing an oversized, overdecorated, overgimmicked horror called the Edsel in the teeth of evidence that the consuming public was becoming interested in compact cars. And that is why the commanders of the U.S. and British air forces during the Second World War convinced themselves, and persuaded their political chiefs, that strategic bombing would destroy Germany's productive capacity, armed forces, and will to resist and why, after it had become painfully apparent that it was doing none of those things, they persisted in their faith until the end of the war, at the cost of the lives of 155,546 British and American airmen.

The large organization has a built-in resistance to intelligence that threatens its stereotypes and preconceptions. The more highly centralized the administrative structure, the more the hierarchy itself blocks the free passage of critical intelligence;

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On the basis of studies of a large number of managers occupying middle positions in hierarchical business structures, Wilensky reports that they were generally prone to restrict information about such problems as lack of authority to meet responsibility, unforeseen costs, disruption of production, lack of adequate equipment, conflicts with other units, and the like, and that in doing so they were motivated "by the desire not only to please but also to preserve comfortable routines of work; if the subordinate alerts the boss to pending trouble, the former is apt to find himself on a committee to solve the problem"; alternatively, if the employer is less responsive to suggestion than he should be, he is out of a job entirely. In a similar way, the existence of a high degree of specialization within an organization increases the danger of suppression of information because of professional jealousy on the part of the specialists and rivalry between the units to which they belong. "It is likely," Wilensky writes, "that staff experts communicate most freely with colleagues in the same specialty, second with colleagues in the same unit of the workplace, then with subordinates, and last—with greatest blockage and distortion—to superiors and rival agencies."

IN HIS fascinating analysis of intelligence failures and their causes, based upon dozens of monographic studies in the public and private sectors, Wilensky finds that the most disastrous miscalculations are those which have occurred in the field of government operations, especially foreign policy and national security. Decision making in the modern nation-state, whether totalitarian or democratic, is affected by stereotyped thinking about other nations—like Hitler's belief that Americans were only capable of making razor blades and refrigerators, and American underestimations of Japanese capabilities before Pearl Harbor—and, to an even greater extent than is true of business, by hierarchy, specialization, interunit competition, and excessive insistence upon secrecy. Students of modern diplomacy would not find it difficult to cite examples of the way in which policy has been influenced for the worse by the operation of these forces. One need go no further than the final report of the French National Assembly's investigation of the causes of the collapse of 1940, which is filled with references to reports on German and Soviet strength and intentions in 1938-1939, written by French diplomats in the field, which were later proved to have been entirely accurate but which were blocked by subordinate officials in the Quai d'Orsay before they reached the ministerial level, where they might possibly have done some good.

Wilensky himself prefers more recent illustrations than these and comes down heavily on the egregious malfunctioning of the United States decision-making apparatus during the Bay of Pigs affair, as a result of failure of communication between

Realism

Today I will say nothing.
I won't be drawn into any conversation.
I won't be drawn in.
I'm not a fly;
I only have two legs
And cannot turn my eyes completely over,
To see what my mind is doing.
I will take out my sandwiches, my paper,
Sit down and say nothing.
I think before I answer,
What do you think they say;
I won't be drawn in.
I think nothing.
I haven't been listening, I answer.
I'm reading my paper, eating my sandwiches.
So they go on talking.
Today I will not move.
No movement.
I'm no machine, I cannot repeat every day
What I was doing the day before.
Stop eating.
Stop reading.
Start listening.
Why don't you help, they ask.
I haven't been moving, or eating, or reading,
But listening.
They go on working.
Today to them, I'm invisible.

—NORMAN JACKSON

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the participating agencies and rejection and suppression of information that did not accord with the CIA's optimistic predictions. He makes the additional, perhaps debatable, point that fiascoes like the first Cuban crisis can have, and in that case did have, the dangerous effect of narrowing the government's freedom of action when new crises arise.

WILENSKY does not believe that the kinds of intelligence failure that are rooted in structural problems can be fully eliminated; they are universal dilemmas of organizational life. But their incidence can possibly be reduced and their impact lessened in various ways at various costs. Among other things, Wilensky suggests that we have an urgent need, in industry, in the university, in the military establishment, and in our foreign-policy agencies, for generalized advisers at the top, officials who have a healthy suspicion of the information that comes to them through the normal channels and who are inventive enough to supplement or correct it with soundings of their own. Because of the not infrequent and generally risky tendency in organizational life to consult men who are specialists in one field about problems that lie outside their sphere of competence, he believes that it is safer to employ experts in task forces —teams of diverse specialists brought together to work on given problems and disbanded as soon as solutions have been found.

More specifically, he believes it possible that policy determination in foreign affairs in the United States could profit from the use of an analogue to the Council of Economic Advisers, "a small top-level group of free-floating, highly trained, academically oriented, general advisers, operating outside Defense, State, or the CIA, relatively free of bureaucratic rivalry, responsible to the President and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and assigned to tap social science and history for a comprehensive, long-run interpretation of problems and prospects abroad."

The author does not always give credit to those Federal agencies which have in fact been seeking to use boards of the kind that he describes, nor does he seem always to appreciate the special problems of defining an effective role for *freischwebende Intellektuelle* in difficult fields like foreign relations and arms control. Even so, his main point is well taken. To avoid salad-oil scandals, or worse, in national security policy, it is important to improve the channels of critical intelligence by every possible means, to use experts more effectively than they have been used in the past, to avoid clotting the free flow of ideas by excessive secrecy, and to devise the best possible tools for the correction of the stereotypes and preconceptions that can affect the thinking of even the most capable executives. In a play on Eliot's most quoted line, Wilensky says that failure to accomplish these things may mean that "The bang will come, preceded by the contemporary equivalent of the whimper—a faint rustle of paper as some self-convinced chief of state, reviewing a secret memo full of comfortable rationalizations just repeated at the final conference, fails to muster the necessary intelligence and wit and miscalculates the power and the intent of his adversaries."

Opening the Unions To Negro Craftsmen

KENNETH GOODALL

THE NEGRO AND APPRENTICESHIP, by F. Ray Marshall and Vernon M. Briggs, Jr. *Johns Hopkins Press. $8.*

Negroes have long been unwelcome in the unions that control jobs in the high-paying construction industry. But this study, initially released early this year by the U.S. Department of Labor, is the first to document the pattern of exclusion on a wide scale. The professors did their research in 1965-1966 when both were in the economics department of the University of Texas. Although they write with scholarly restraint, their findings, reiterated as they survey ten large American cities, build into a cumulative portrait of rigid union discrimination, compounded by failures of our public-school system.

The President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity discovered in 1965 that of 9,604 apprentices in five big building-trades unions in major urban areas, only 159 (less than two per cent) were Negroes, and ninety of these were in the comparatively low-paying Carpenters. Random figures in Marshall and Briggs's city-by-city analysis are equally grim: two nonwhite apprentices admitted to a Philadelphia Plumbers local during 1963-1965; a total of seven Negro apprentices in seven selected craft unions in Cleveland in the fall of 1966; only sixteen apprentices admitted in 1963-1966 by eleven unions in Pittsburgh; no Negroes in any union apprenticeship program in Atlanta except the Carpenters up to the time of the study.

THE READER searches almost in vain through these pages for an action wholly honorable. As in many a contemporary novel, with few exceptions the characters in this cast play anti-heroic roles to varying degrees. First of all, there are the white union members who, from fear of the loss of their jobs (or their relatives' jobs, for these unions are nests of nepotism) or from plain prejudice, have for at least fifty years resisted the attempts of Negroes to enter their ranks. There are the plumbers, for example, who walked off their jobs in the Bronx in 1964 when a contractor attempted to hire four nonwhite (and, of course, non-union) journeymen at the instigation of the New York City Commission on Human Rights, and the workers who walked out in Cleveland in 1963 when two Negro plumbers were hired, even though their union leaders had agreed to admit the two men to work.

Then there are the union leaders who, forced by Labor Department regulations in 1964 to select apprentices on a nondiscriminatory basis and on "qualifications alone," devised

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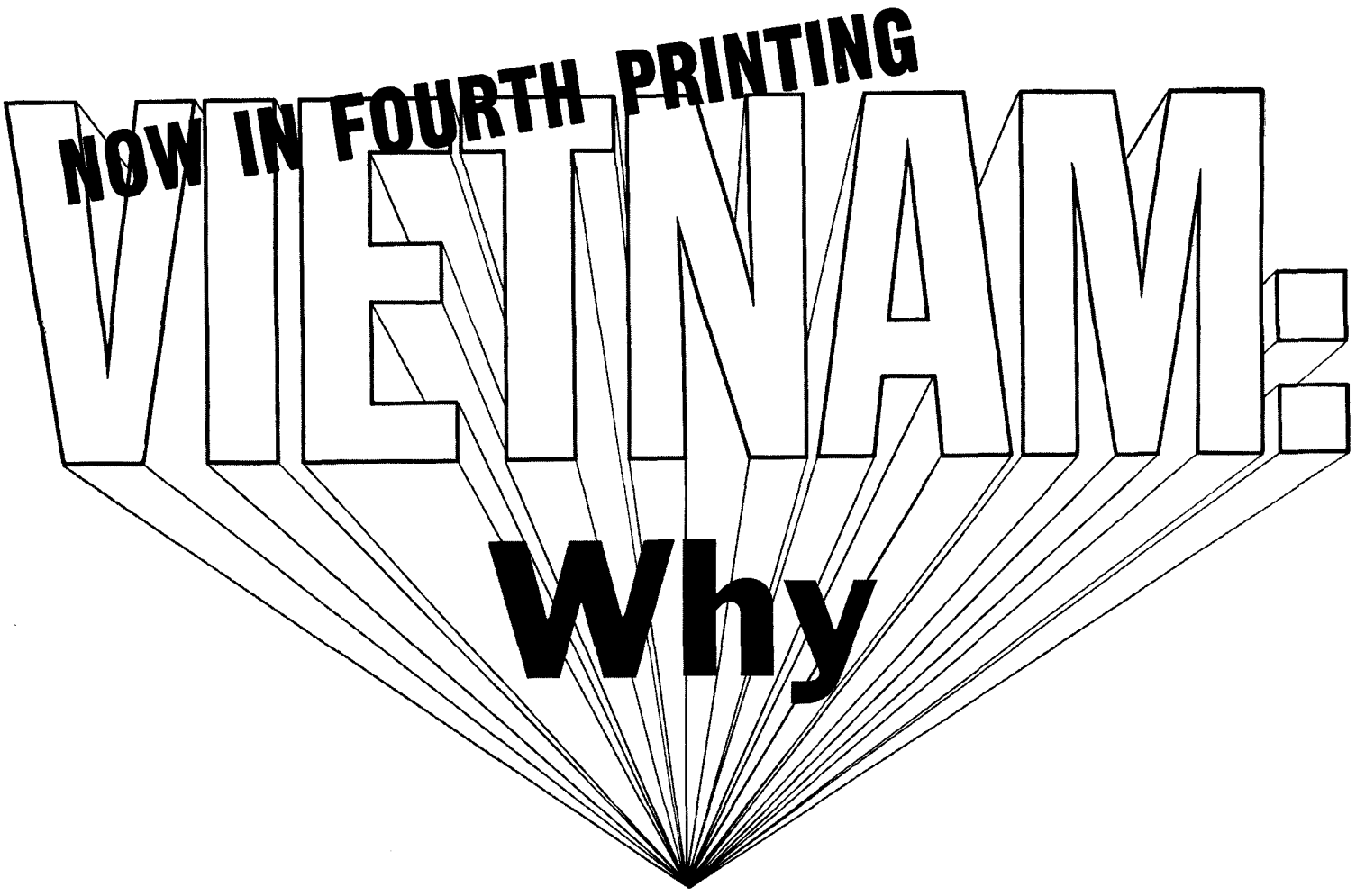

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selection procedures that lived up to the letter of the law but effectively barred most Negroes. There also are leaders like those in Houston who sought to have a local union president reprimanded by his national office after he dared to put to them the question of the lack of Negroes in their industry. Some of these leaders sound like reasonable men in Marshall and Briggs's straight-faced account: "Local 38 [of the Electrical Workers in Cleveland] had become a symbol of past intransigency to civil-rights groups, but its business manager, George Chapple, told us: 'Our problems are over with discrimination. This is not going to be a problem with us. All we demand is that the individual be qualified.'" But the authors' Table 6-3 suggests that Local 38, having accepted only two Negro apprentices from June, 1963, to October, 1965, had a long way to go.

The employers are here, too. While they ostensibly have control over whom they hire and to a certain extent over the selection of apprentices, they have relinquished these powers to the unions and have been unwilling to challenge the unions' policies. The contractor who sought to hire four nonwhites for the Bronx project, for instance, has never tried again, according to a 1967 report by the New York City Commission on Human Rights.

As for the government agencies, the authors lump them with the unions and employers as "the apprenticeship establishment." One agency, the Labor Department's Bureau of Apprenticeship and Training, which promotes apprentice programs and aids the unions and employers in carrying them out, helped set up several Apprenticeship Information Centers primarily to attract nonwhite applicants. But in eleven months in 1964-1965, the Cleveland office failed to place a single Negro in any of the building crafts' programs; the Cincinnati office, located in a basement with no street identification signs, achieved an identical record in the thirteen months after it opened.

Mistakes have been made, too, by those who are fighting for more Negro jobs. Civil-rights organizations often pushed young Negroes into applying for apprenticeship openings even though they were unqualified and the only result could be bitter disappointment.

Marshall and Briggs, however, lay the greatest blame for the Negro's disadvantaged position in the labor market on none of the aforementioned groups but on the failure of the schools. They quote Professor Kenneth B. Clark's condemnation —"The massive inefficiency of the public schools where the masses of Negroes go does the discriminating for any prejudiced employer, so that he doesn't have to do it himself." To this they add their own indictment of vocational schools, where they found a "need for adequate instruction . . . to prevent these schools . . . from becoming (or continuing to be) dumping grounds for poor students." School boards have helped to compound the problem by, as in Cleveland and Houston, holding apprenticeship classes only at predominantly white schools, by failing to provide adequate counseling to Negro students who might choose to go into the crafts if made aware of the possibility, and by being reluctant to bar their facilities to nonintegrated apprenticeship classes. (The Detroit Board of Education did deny its facilities to a union local in 1963 because there were no Negroes in the class—but that same year the board also stopped giving financial support to apprenticeship training, which it deemed "nonessential.") To be sure, the authors' criticisms are best read as a guide for the present and future; it is useless to blame the schools and counselors for failing in the past to prepare Negroes for jobs they had little hope of getting.

THE PROFESSORS reserve high praise for just one agency. This is the Workers Defense League in New York City, a private group that since 1963 has been more effective in turning Negro youths into apprentices than any other public or private organization. The WDL recognized that jobless youths had to be screened, instilled with ambition, and tutored in special classes that would prepare them—as their public schools had not—for the union tests. The best example of its success was in an apprenticeship examination given by the Sheet Metal Workers union to 147 applicants in New York in November, 1966. Only thirty-one per cent of the white applicants passed. Seventy-five per cent of the Negroes—all tutored by the WDL—qualified. The union leaders, Marshall and Briggs relate, "suspected that the scores might have been obtained by 'some nefarious means'" and tried to have the results thrown out, but were restrained from doing so by the New York State Supreme Court.

Though the WDL approach to the problem has been the most effective in terms of actual jobs gained—certainly the only criterion that has any validity—it is not the main approach being made by the civil-rights organizations. Last June, a month after a Federal district court had ruled that discriminatory hiring practices disqualified four construction companies from work on an Ohio state project, the national office of the NAACP announced the start of a nationwide program aimed at halting all Federal and state building projects unless Negroes were taken into the trades unions. "No Negroes—no work" was the slogan thrown out at a news conference by Herbert Hill, director of the NAACP's labor programs. And Roy Wilkins, executive director, said: "We don't need any more studies on this. We know Negroes are unemployed; we need jobs."

While discrimination has been rife in the craft unions, as this book confirms in detail, the lifting of the restrictions would not automatically benefit large numbers of Negroes. Job opportunities in these crafts are not great and relatively few interested and qualified Negroes are now available. Thus the result of the NAACP's legal challenges blocking public construction, even if successful in the courts, might be little more than tokenism—and, if the civil-rights organizations lock horns with the labor movement, greater resistance by the white union members.

What will be needed, rather than a headlong plunge into a campaign to effect "an indefinite moratorium on all public construction" (as Wilkins put it), is a sustained program of recruitment and preparation in our big cities of the type devised by the WDL in New York. The WDL has shown that "a flow of applicants can be found in the Negro community

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if some organization devotes itself full time to this problem," Marshall and Briggs state. They advise the civil-rights groups to work closely with employers, unions, and government agencies "to gather information, bring pressure, and supply applicants." The work should be carried on at the local level, they believe, and government sanctions should be used as a last resort, for "few sanctions are likely to be really effective in gaining entry for Negroes if industry and union officials resist."

This is not to minimize the responsibility of the union locals that have failed to take even the first steps to follow the formal nondiscrimination policies of their parent unions. But the changes in the locals will have to be effected by the internationals, the authors believe, "because within the labor movement only they have sufficient power to accomplish this objective." The professors also make it clear that it is not enough for the locals to open their rolls to a few already qualified Negroes; they must support the search for and training of applicants. Employers too must lend support.

Of the WDL program, Marshall and Briggs state: "Its success is premised upon the existence of a climate of mutual respect for all parties concerned." Surely it is in this atmosphere, rather than under a cloud of open warfare, that the unions and employers will be persuaded to do as quickly as possible what they must eventually do in any case.

Old Ez and Uncle William

DANIEL HOFFMAN

EMINENT DOMAIN, by Richard Ellmann. *Oxford University Press. $4.95.*

EZRA POUND: A CLOSE-UP, by Michael Reck. *McGraw-Hill. $5.95.*

"Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal," T. S. Eliot announced in his essay on Massinger, an imitator. For almost half a century since, historians of modern letters have been documenting the seeming truth of that Eliotic dictum, and of this one: "A good poet will usually borrow from authors remote in time, or alien in language, or diverse in interest." Richard Ellmann, the biographer of Yeats and of Joyce, knows modern literature so thoroughly and understands so well the imagination's grasping ways that he has had the wit to heed the first of Eliot's maxims while overturning the second. In *Eminent Domain* Mr. Ellmann discusses six founding fathers of twentieth-century literature. He shows how they either picked one another's pockets or defined their own achievements by opposing—whether in contradiction, evasion, or parody—that of the reigning king of the cats.

The crowned head, as it seemed to Joyce, Pound, Eliot, and Auden, was of course Yeats; Ellmann skillfully shapes his diverting study around the ways these younger writers coped with the hieratic presence of "Uncle William," as Pound, with affectionate irreverence, calls him in *The Cantos*. His subject, Ellmann writes—using a simile swiped from Pound—"is not the assertion of a single sovereignty but of conflicting sovereignties which now encroach and now are encroached upon, like Italian city states in Malatesta's time." Indeed, Yeats first appears in this book as predator rather than creditor, listening to Oscar Wilde read proofs of *The Decay of Lying* and going home from dinner to digest the doctrines of an art independent of nature, an art that would provide images for life to imitate. Wilde had neither Yeats's ultimate seriousness nor his rage for synthesis and systematization, but from the older author's doctrines—and use of a dialogue form to express them—Yeats levied coin which, put at interest in the vault of his own mind, brought long-term returns in his poems, his essays, and his plays.

YEATS'S *Autobiography* profits, as Mr. Ellmann says, from the example of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, but his influence on Joyce, though more pervasive, is less direct. For the younger writer responded to Yeats's work not so much by take-over as by evasion and parody. Knowing it was Yeats whom he had to wrestle for the championship of Ireland, Joyce would seem to have abandoned poetry after his early *Chamber Music* because to continue would mean to compete directly on the field of Yeats's mastery. In Ellmann's account of their relationship, Yeats appears magnanimous, sponsoring his younger rival while disagreeing with his aims, and responding to Joyce's parody of himself and of the Abbey Theatre by saying of *Ulysses*, "It has our Irish cruelty and also our kind of strength . . ." Joyce's art absorbs, indeed feeds upon, those minute particulars that Yeats found it essential to heroize, mythologize, or melt into symbols. Ellmann sympathetically shows how these two great writers, working from opposite premises about literature, resemble each other in their "intense desire to affirm human life."

Yeats's relationship with Pound is still more intriguing. Unlike Joyce, Pound "did not . . . find Yeats (then forty-three) too old to be helped." For his part Yeats was not too proud to learn from a poet half his age. Pound, who, Ellmann aptly says, had borrowed and translated from Yeats as though he were one of his troubadours, was able to jolt Yeats out of the vague diction of his youth, a jolt that Pound's "downrightness, his good will, his unintimidatable character, his sense of himself as a shocker" made him "peculiarly fitted to administer." Ezra had no compunction in calling a new play of Yeats's "Putrid!" Although scoffing at Uncle William's concern with "spooks," Pound found himself soon caught in the coils of the spirit world as he remade Fenollosa's translations of the Japanese Noh plays—and so introduced Yeats to the exotic dramatic form best suited to the expression of his Irish materials.

These interactions show the two poets borrowing, stealing, but above all learning from each other. In a subsequent chapter Ellmann gives a brilliant exegesis of the change in Eliot's attitude to Yeats, from uneasy disdain to apotheosis, in the

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BY

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■ Stanford University Press ■

last of the *Four Quartets,* in which the ghost of Yeats—a very "spook"—appears to Eliot in an air raid to "disclose the gifts reserved for age." The book concludes with a sensitive reading of Auden's elegy "In Memory of W. B. Yeats."

Mr. Ellmann's method is to set up a dialectic between Yeats and each of these poets whose purses he picked or furbished. This synoptic presentation helps to clarify the achievement of each by contrast to that of a rival worthy of his steel. Such an enterprise requires of its practitioner a whole arsenal of interpretive skills, skills that Ellmann uses with clarity, grace, and wit. Quite a different book could result from taking one of Ellmann's subjects other than Yeats as the pivotal figure. Think, for instance, of the rivalrous reciprocities centering on Pound, with levies by and from Yeats, Eliot, Williams, and on to Lowell in the next generation. That such possibilities are suggested by Ellmann's book attests to the rightness of its method and the value of its achievement.

POUND is in fact the subject of a very different sort of book by Michael Reck. His *Ezra Pound: A Close-Up* is more a snapshot than a portrait. Reck was a frequent visitor while Pound was confined in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and he gives a chatty reminiscence of the Ezra Pound he knew. Discussion of the poetry is minimal and impressionistic, and the summary of Pound's pre-hospital career is less a snapshot than a crude sketch. The emphasis is on the personality. There are some touching scenes of Pound after his release, free but shaken; what emerges for the most part is a stubborn, delusional, opinionated iconoclast whose baseless opinions and lack of either perspective, knowledge, or humility in his dealings with all nonliterary subjects seem an inexplicable anomaly in the author of *Mauberley, Homage to Sextus Propertius,* and the lyrical parts of *The Cantos.*

A biographer of Pound cannot escape dealing with the tragic paradox of his personality, and here Reck is no help at all. He admits that Pound held objectionable views, but offers no adequate explanation

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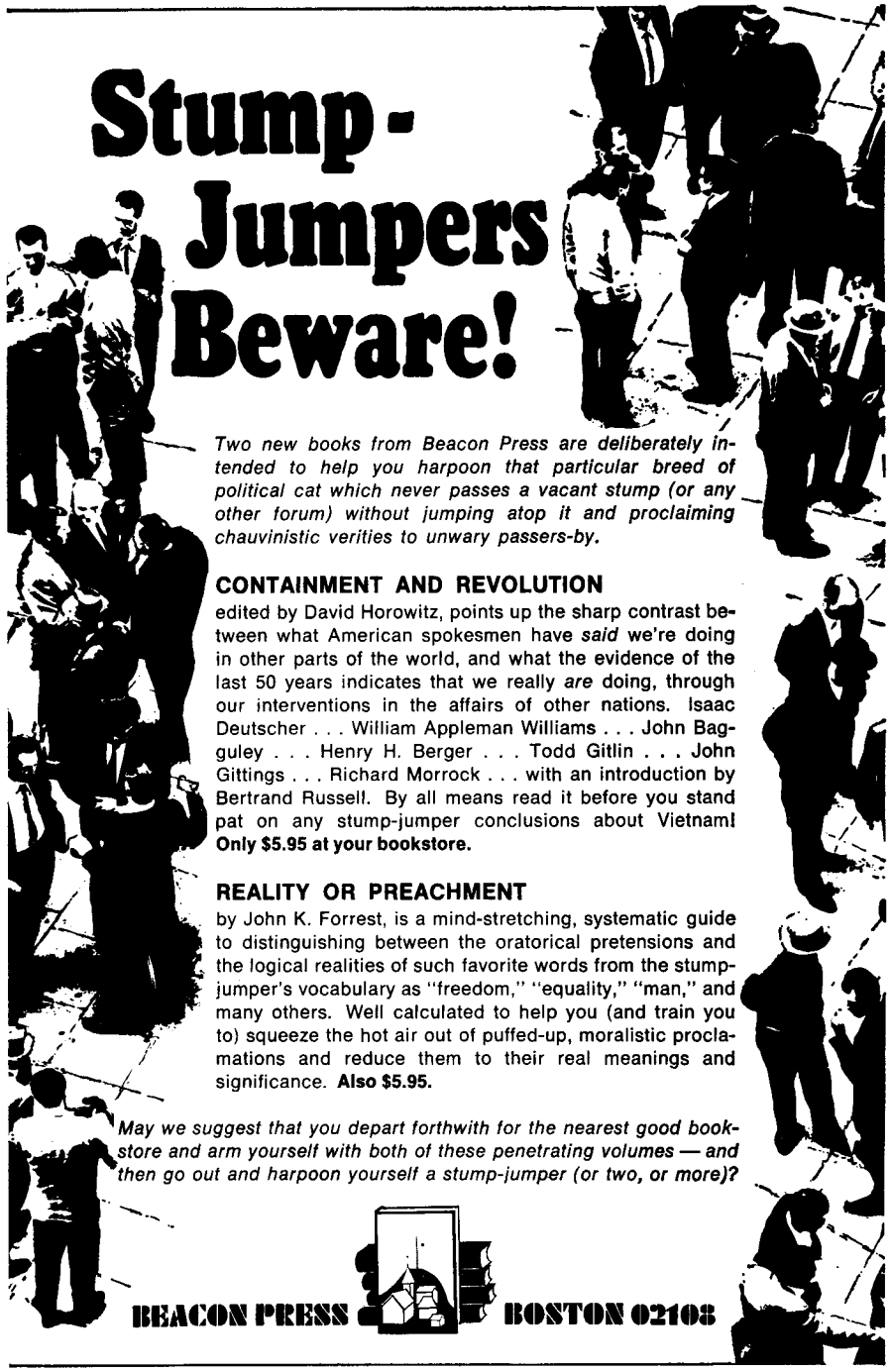
—or conjecture—as to why the poet with the best modern ear for the cadences of our language should have believed in *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and espoused the crackpot economics of Major C. H. Douglas. It won't do to counter the evidence of Pound's anti-Semitism by saying Look, he's a friend to Louis Zukofsky, or to explain Pound's excoriation of democracy by his inability to make a living in America from his writings. Many another has earned less than $500 a year from his poems without becoming either a believer in the jewbanker conspiracy or an enthusiast of Mussolini's corporate state. One thinks of an equally broke poet of the Little Renaissance, Robert Frost.

A CLOSE-UP biography of Pound is exactly what's needed, but one that will try to understand his personality as well as describe it. How can we connect the wild old man we meet in Reck's book with the superb poet in Ellmann's who taught Yeats to write and to fence? When dealing with poetry, Pound brought into play not only his unshakable sense of *being right* but his superb natural gifts, the fruits of rigorous self-training, and uncompromising revision of his own work. The best thing in Reck's book is his printing, side by side, Fenollosa's prolix translation of a poem by Li Po and Pound's vivid condensation of its text into "The River Merchant's Wife."

But when the poet turned his revisionist energies from purifying the diction of the tribe to dictating the purity of the tribe's institutions and mores, he became the prisoner of his own rigidity. Pound's intransigence is less an intellectual stance than the attitude of a personality that can function only from a posture of total certitude. What seems a paralysis of curiosity, as he succumbs to one unlikely oversimplification after another, is in fact a surrender to his rage for order. Pound's tragedy is that his analytical faculties are all in his ear, not in his mind, where he has laboriously tried to pile together into an intellectual order his unexamined fantasies. The result is disorder. Yet, as Wallace Stevens once wrote in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another connection, a great disorder is an order.

Although Pound has made a cage for his own intellect from the bars of his mistaken ideas, it is not as a thinker but as a poet that he requires our attention and compels our respect. The further paradox is that we must therefore attend his implausible notions of history, not as objective analyses of society but as part of the necessary framework of his verse. His receptivity to such absolutes as the corporate state, the hierarchical society of ancient China, and the Confucian ethic are posed, though not poised, in his work against the flux of historic change, the disintegration of our inherited culture, the hegemony of materialism in a world where forms of perfection are imaginable. Pound, Gertrude Stein once wrote, "was a village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not." Was there ever such a mixture of widely read genius and brash and ignorant provinciality of mind?

Pound earns his stature not only, as Reck implies, because his style is of first intensity but because his concerns are of first importance. His themes are a craggy response to our common plight, and his work the effort of a single mind to explore, to comprehend, to express and so perpetuate the tradition of our culture. He has indeed made withdrawals from strange accounts to stock the world of his *Cantos*. Confronting his unacceptable "ideas," as we do in Reck's biography, we may think of what that magnanimous critic Sir Philip Sidney told us long ago: the poet does not lie because he nothing affirmeth; his work creates not life as it is but as it could or should be. Pound's debts to Social Credit, to Confucius, to Cathay, are not—where *The Cantos* succeed—the mere crank opinions they indeed are when in prose he harangues his visitors, his correspondents, his auditors on the Italian radio, the Secretary of State or the President. In the poetry these "ideas" do not describe the real world but provide some of his possible or ideal alternatives to its disintegration. They help shore up the wobbling pivot from which Pound surveys our crumbling culture and affirms what he can of its values.

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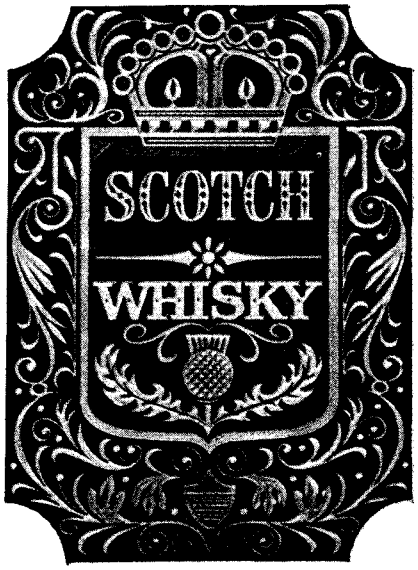

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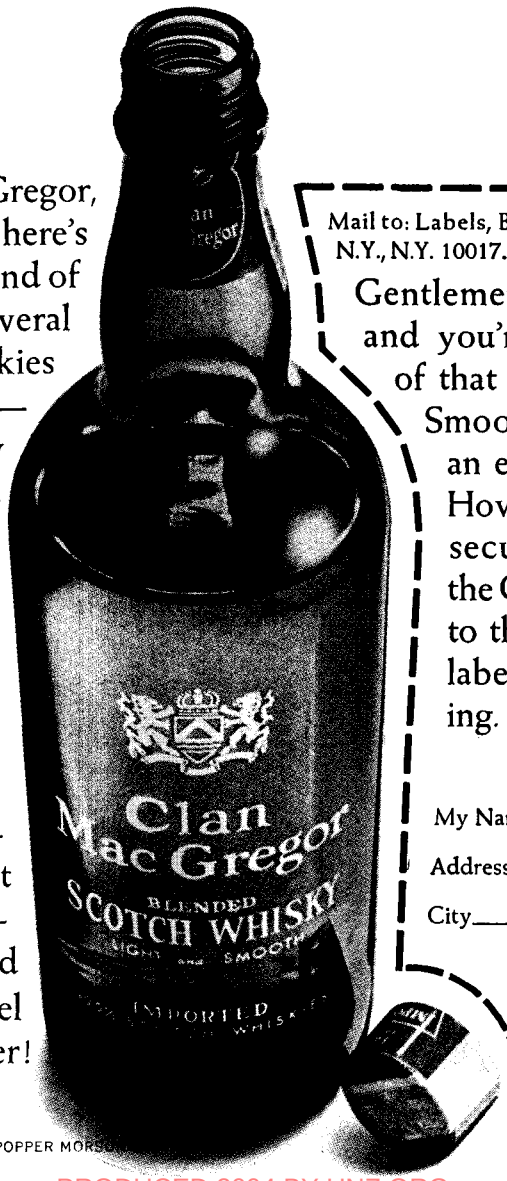

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